

T H E  
**MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:**  
 OR,  
**MONTHLY MUSEUM**  
 OF  
**KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.**

No. IX.]—For SEPTEMBER, 1789.—[Vol. I.

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Ornamented with a COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING, representing a View of  
*CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE*, and two Pieces of MUSICK, printed  
 typographically.

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 for this Work.

## TO OUR PATRONS.

WE beg leave to remind our readers, that this Magazine completes the Third Quarter since its first publication. The rain in due season having hitherto preserved our "corn from withering on its stalk," and the present being *harvest month*, we rest fully assured of a *plentiful gathering in*, whereby we shall be enabled to deal out the *bread of knowledge*, amid the severity of winter; and beg leave to assure our customers, that the *uttermost farthing* will be received without hesitation.

We will thank any of our friends, who have in their possession views of publick buildings, or gentlemen's private seats, proper to ornament a Magazine, to be so kind as to furnish us with copies. Any hints of subjects proper for plates, will be thankfully received, as it is our wish to have as many originals as possible.

We are sensible that the view of *Charles River Bridge*, given this month, is too small to do it justice; in some future number, we shall probably give a different one, on a larger scale.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*X*—we flatter ourselves, will not be offended at the reservation of some pieces for a future number.

*Speculator*—proves a most agreeable correspondent.

*Socialis*—is thanked for his Essay on Friendship; a repetition of the favour will be acceptable.

*Philo*—assumes a truly amiable character; as the champion of the Fair, his lucubrations ought to be entitled the *Ladies' Friend*.

*Lavina*'s communications are ever noticed with pleasure; they breathe the genuine spirit of the accomplished Mrs. Brookes.

We have not inserted the Mathematical Questions sent us by *X*, as from long delay in answering former ones, we judge they are not very pleasing to our customers.

*Truth in a Well*—requires a new bucket and a long chain.

*Corporal Trim*—cannot shave at our shop, we have no razors sharp enough.

*All in a bubblu*—has drawn the picture of a Bedlamite.

*To the CHILDREN of APOLLO.*

*Constantia*'s pathetick Elegy is truly sublime.

*J. L.*'s Ode to the President, prettily conceived, and happily worded.

*Epitaph* by the late J. Green imbibes a large portion of the Attick salt; heartily wish for a little more.

*Death the Destroyer*—a very decent bit of sobriety.

*Acrostick* upon his Excellency the President, is the dawn of a brighter poetick day.

*Celaden*'s Ode and Rebus—ingenious, spirited, chaste.

*M*'s Epithalamium, is a truly Chevy Chacical Dirge.

*Sennet to Maria*—too incorrect; as are several other pieces received.

## Current Prices of PUBLICK SECURITIES, September 30, 1789.

	s.	d.
Final Settlements,	5	0
Consolidated State Notes,	4	0
Loan Office Certificates,	5	0
Interest Indents,	3	1
Impost and Excise Orders,	12	6
Army Notes,	5	9
Specie Orders, Tax No. 5.	10	0
No. 1, 2, and 3 Orders,	4	0
New Emission Money, 5 for 1.		

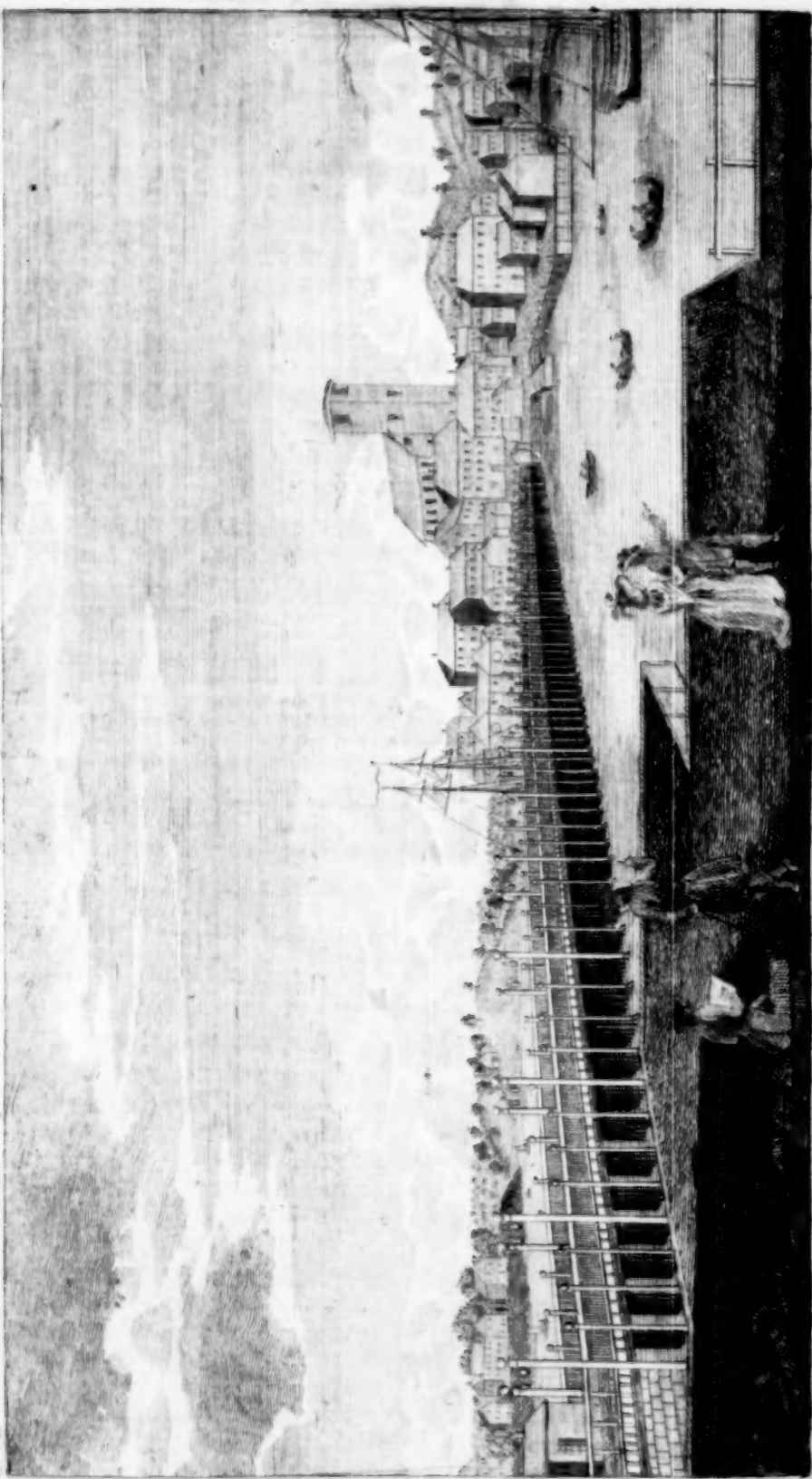
## E X C H A N G E.

Bills drawn on London, payable in 30 days after sight,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. above par—Those of 60 days, 2 per cent. ditto. Those of 30 days, on Amsterdam (payable in Amsterdam) at par—Drawn on Amsterdam, (payable in London,) 1 per cent. above par.

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View of the BRIDGE over CHARLES RIVER.

VIEW OF THE BRIDGE AND WHARF





T H E  
**MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:**  
 O R,  
*MONTHLY MUSEUM*  
 O F  
**KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.**

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
 Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo. — HORACE.

**DESCRIPTION of CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE.**

[Illustrated by a VIEW of that beautiful STRUCTURE, taken from Atkins's Wharf.]

**C**HARLES River Bridge, according to actual admeasurement, is of the following dimensions: The abutment at Charlestown, from the old landing, is 100 feet; space to the first pier  $16\frac{1}{2}$  feet; 36 piers at equal distances to the draw  $622\frac{1}{2}$  feet; width of the draw 30 feet; 39 piers at equal distances from the draw 672 feet; space to the abutment at Boston  $16\frac{1}{2}$  feet; abutment at Boston to the old landing  $45\frac{1}{2}$  feet; whole length 1503 feet.

The 75 piers total, upon which this elegant structure stands, are each composed of 7 sticks of oak timber, united by a cap piece, strong braces and girts, and afterwards driven into the bed of the river, and firmly secured by a single pile on each side, driven obliquely to a solid bottom.

The piers are connected to each other by large strong pieces, which are covered with 4 inch plank. The Bridge is 42 feet in width, and on each side is accommodated with a passage 6 feet wide, railed in for the safety of people on foot. The railing is in imitation of pale fence. The Bridge has a gradual rise from each end, so as to be two feet higher in the middle than at the extremities. Forty elegant lamps are erected at suitable distances, to illuminate it when necessary. There are four strong stone wharves connected with three piers each, sunk in various parts of the river.

The draw is constructed on the most approved plan; the machinery is very simple; and designed to require only the strength of two men

men in raising it. The floor of the Bridge at the highest tides, is 4 feet above the water, which generally rises about 12 or 14 feet. The distance where the longest pier is erected, from the floor of the Bridge to the bed of the river, is 46  $\frac{1}{2}$  feet.

The whole fabrick was completed in the course of 13 months; and no material damage to the work, or accident to the workmen, happened during this period; every hour of which evinced the great effects of private enterprize, directed towards publick utility. All emoluments arising from toll, and consequently those repairs which may be needful, are vested for 40 years in a private company, known by the name of the Proprietors of Charles River Bridge, who began and finished the same by a voluntary subscription of certain shares; after which period, the bridge becomes the property of the commonwealth.

The opening of this structure upon the 17th of June, 1786, summoned from all parts, upwards of 20,000 Spectators. The morn was ushered in by a discharge of thirteen cannon from the opposite heights of Breed's hill, Charlestown, and Cop's hill, Boston, accompanied by repeated peals from the bells of Christ church. At one P. M. the proprietors assembled in the State house, for the purpose of waiting on the different branches of the le-

gislation, over the bridge. The procession consisted of almost every respectable character in publick and private life; as they moved from State street, a salute was fired from the Castle; and upon their arrival at the entrance of the bridge, the attendant companies of artillery and artificers, formed two lines on the right and left of the proprietors, and moved on to the center of the bridge, when the President of the proprietary advanced alone, and gave orders to Mr. Cox, the master workman, to fix the drawer for the passage of the company, which was immediately done. At this moment 13 cannon were fired from Cop's hill, and the procession passed forward, attended by the loudest shouts of acclamation. As the company ascended Breed's hill, 13 cannon were discharged. The gentlemen took their seats at two tables of 320 feet, united at each end by a semicircular one, which accommodated 800 persons, who spent the day in sober festivity, and separated at 6 o'clock.

A minute eulogium, in detail, of the ingenious mechanism which constitutes the various parts of this admired bridge, is totally needless.—Mr. Cox, the master builder, is now employed in a foreign kingdom, to construct a bridge upon nearly similar principles; and employed by those, who a few years since, held Americans upon a par with savages.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The D R E A M E R. No. IX.

A FRIEND of mine, who from the dawn of manhood, to the night of old age, has been concerned in every honest scheme, to get something for nothing, a few evenings since, passed a most melancholy hour, in bewailing his hard fortune; lamenting that the ill natured gods had defeated the wisest schemes, and left him much poorer than he was at his first entrance on life. At

one time he had melted down the solids to form an *impalpable powder*, in search of the philosopher's stone, and arrived so near to the desirable *quintessence* of the Rosicrucians, as to be *essentially* without money or friends. Recovering by degrees from this hapless disaster, he buried himself for years with a set of virtuosi, who work like the mole under ground, in quest of treasures deposited

ed, heaven only knows where : At length renouncing society with such unprofitable connexions, he underwrote at exorbitant premiums, upon desperate voyages, and immersed not a few thousands in the boisterous wave : and finally gave himself up to lottery hunting, through all the states of the union, and sported some hundreds across the Atlantick, without any other return than a long list of complimentary cyphers. The restless disquietude, corroding chagrin, and settled despondence, which succeeded every fresh recital of his various misfortunes, threw me into a serious train of reflection, upon the impropriety of indulging too fondly, uncertain expectations of profit from fallacious sources, and produced the following reverie.

Methought I was conducted to a light airy temple, whose foundation rested on the sand, whilst fluctuating waves rolled from the neighbouring shore, and every moment threatened instant destruction ; the winds whistled with violence thro' different apertures, and appeared to rock the building from its foundation ; above, the clouds in general lowered, and bore a tempestuous aspect, now and then irradiated by a transient sun shine. At the upper end of this edifice, sat on a tottering throne, the goddess of vain expectation ; her robes were sparkling with gems, that eclipsed the diamond's luster, but upon nearer inspection, proved to be French paste. In her right hand was the appearance of a golden scepter, which pointed to an altar, where ideal heaps of shining ore, rose in magick succession, now assuming the form of treasures disembelled from the earth ; again in shape of bills payable by rich bankers ; unexpected legacies from distant relations, or fortunate numbers in different lotteries. Thousands kneeled at once before her. With

a sweet deceptive smile, the goddess waved her hand in unison with her votaries' wishes ; some departed to hunt for millions buried in the ground ; others snatched the numbers marked on little squares of paper ; and every one was certain, that without further toil, he should arrive at the summit of good fortune : all counted the minutes as they flew, and reckoned seconds of time for wearisome months. The wished for hour arrived : Alas ! they found the promised good was wrested from their hands by patient industry ; and not a single worshipper had aught to boast of, but the loss of time, and vanity of faithless hopes. Enraged by disappointment, they rent the air with cries of vexation, and sat out in a tumultuous manner, to search for the deceiver, and vent their reproaches in person. As they were pressing on, the scene was changed, and heaven, in pity to their woes, overturned the building from its base, and permitted the Genius of Contentment to erect a solid, though plain edifice, near the same spot.— His open manly countenance, was tranquil and serene as the bosom of unclouded ether. He looked with benignant pity on the angry myriads ; and thus gently calmed their boiling passions.

The disappointments you have severally encountered, I am sensible, are painful to weak misjudging mortals. As they arose from vain expectations too warmly indulged, the punishment they merited you have already received. With the dawning sun from the east, renew your different occupations in life, and pursue them with industry to the close of day. Be content with that allotment which is yours, in the unalterable order of things. Let those treasures repose in peace, which only bring cares along with the discovery. Suffer the wheel of fortune unnoticed to revolve, and when  
it



it shall please the benevolent father of man, to crown perseverance with wealth, enjoy the boon as gratitude directs.

Charmed by the soft persuasive mode in which he delivered his sage

councils, the multitude blushed at their former follies, and resolved to leave *lottery hunting, money digging, and underwriting*, for the employment of lunatics in the purlieus of Bedlam.

## THE PROGRESS of VICE.

A MORAL TALE.

**Y**OUNG Davis was the son of a reputable tradesman in the city of Philadelphia. He received an education calculated to accomplish him both for commercial and polite life: His genius was brilliant, and his disposition tender. With these advantages he became the indulged favourite of his parents. His vices were liberal and splendid; they wore a pleasing form, and therefore escaped censure. In the morning of life, it was not considered how much they would cloud the evening: Happily for his parents they died, unthinking of the dangers which awaited on their darling child. They left him in possession of a genteel fortune, which they hoped he would improve by business; but his genius and education, while they made him acquainted with the useful arts, had given him a superiour relish for those which are pleasing and elegant. He had never yet wanted money, and was insensible of its value: His fortune dazzled his eyes, and bewildered his judgment; he thought it sufficient to purchase for him a continuance of enjoyments. Trade was beneath his talents, and pleasure in every alluring form invited him to her courts:—The tyren song prevailed, and ruin pressed on with hasty steps. His father's stock was sold, and young Davis commenced a gentleman: He was suited to the character in every respect but the possession of wealth. Thus qualified he procured admission to the best of company. As he kept pace with these in manners, he was necessarily

obliged to keep pace with them in expense. Like them he gamed, and like them he became the prey of sharpers; his ignorance was their gain; his honesty their security; and his generosity their abuse. A disposition tender and gentle as his was, naturally was susceptible of the charms of beauty. The harlot whom man had betrayed from happiness and peace, sought an object of revenge, and found a fit one in young Davis.

Thus attacked by imposition on one side, and by deceit on the other, his fortune declined apace. He saw impending danger, and endeavoured to avoid it, but in vain. Prudence had quitted the helm; the bark was left to the guidance of pleasure; and though a wreck was not immediate, it was inevitable. To avoid further injury by play, Davis deserted the gaming table: To protect himself from the snares of prostituted beauty, he married; the measure was wise but it was ill timed. The fatal die was already cast. He chose a partner to please his fancy: Generosity forbade every idea of interest: A sentiment to noble at an earlier period, would have insured his happiness; but he had roved at large too long; variety had been courted, and soon regained the heart of her old admirer. Davis strayed from the path of connubial duty: He was convinced of the injustice of his conduct; and he could not bear to receive the caresses of a woman he was daily loading with injuries. Though no upbraidings  
fell



fell from her tongue, millions were suggested by his own conscience. To avoid a lesser, he rushed into a greater evil: He abandoned his wife, and sought a wretched asylum in the arms of those who hardly could receive an additional wrong. The small remains of his fortune they quickly dissipated. What was now to be done? that, at which his gentle heart revolted; he was to turn villain. He had been half ruined by the foul play of others; and now he must resort to foul play himself, in order to procure a miserable subsistence. Being possessed of a genteel figure and address, he was readily admitted into the fraternity of professional gamblers. He had fatally learnt the principles of play, and was only to be instructed in its vile arts; of these he soon became an approved master. His own losses gave a specious air of justice to the recovery of them by the same means as had occasioned their privation. For sometime success attended this dishonest plan; but pigeons at length did not fly every day, and appearances must be sustained. A gamester is a gentleman, and the vices of a gentleman must be dignified with the appellation of honourable; what means then that are honourable must a distressed gamester resort to?—the road points out itself directly: A highwayman is an honourable character. This character poor Davis with horror assumed; his whole frame trembled when preparing the dreadful instruments of terror and of death; but he flattered himself that they need only to be prepared. Alas! once plunged in guilt we know not whither it will lead us; Corruption of morals induces us to commit inferior crimes, and self preservation prompts us to perpetrate greater for their concealment. Thus it was with young Davis; when he went out he shuddered at the very

thoughts of murder—before he returned he was involved in the guilt of it. A disregard to the property of his neighbour, was quickly followed by the sacrifice of his life. The gentleman he robbed resisted his attack; to effectuate his purpose, and obtain a temporary safety, he therefore shot him; rifled his pockets, and escaped: He fled for secrecy and security to the apartments of his Delilah: Here, while property remained, he was concealed; when it was expended, his faithless harlot gave information of him for the sake of a share in the reward, given as the price of his blood. He was apprehended, tried, convicted, and, as a murderer, ordered for speedy execution. Sensible of the magnitude of his guilt, he murmured not at the dreadful sentence. Death came as a kind relief, though in a disgraceful form. The sun upbraided him with having deprived another of its cheering influence. The blessing of life appeared to him as a curse, inasmuch, as he had basely torn it from a fellow creature. With these awful reflections he entered the dreary cell; he had not been there long, when the massy door opened, and presented to his affrighted view, his injured and deserted wife—not come to censure and condemn, but to pity and to soothe his sorrows; for a while her tender purpose was resisted—her presence planted new thorns in the bosom of her guilty and afflicted husband, but her forgiveness plucked them out again, and healed his wounds. The dreadful moment of their earthly separation forever, arrived—the last mutual embrace was given—the big tear burst down the manly cheek, while female fortitude struggled to conceal the sympathetic pearl, that would have rent the soul of him for whom it rose. The jailor, whose rude feelings were softened by the scene, led the beautiful mourner

mourner from the prison, and warned the captive of the approaching hour of death : He ascended the cart with resolution tempered by decency. In his way to the fatal tree, his crimes were forgotten, his penitance admired, and his sufferings pitied. When arrived at the tragick spot, he thus addressed the surrounding spectators :

*"My Friends and fellow Mortals,*

" You here behold one moulded like yourselves, about to suffer an ignominious, though just, death. One, who, a few years back, as little thought of such an end as any who now look on him. He gloried in imprudence, but suspected not how soon it would force him into vice. He was a votary of pleasure not thinking it would lead to pain. By nature he was formed honest and humane, but by necessity, produced from folly, rendered cruel and unjust. From such a character, placed in a situation where he can have no interest at heart but your own, take some advice. Let diligence and economy be your riches. Let virtue be your pleasure. Suppress not

your passions, they were given for your use ; but subject them to the control of reason, and direct them to the purposes of honour and justice. If beauty claims your attention, marry early the virtuous object of your affections ; believe that none but a virtuous woman can make you permanently happy. Fear not the expenses honourably incurred by an extensive family—Providence bids you encounter such difficulties ; be less afraid of poverty than of vice. Resist the first attack of dissipation. Let not ambition to appear above your sphere in life, distress you in your circumstances, lest it prompt you to base means for their replenishment. Revere your God ; be just and kind to men ; avoid my crimes, and thereby shun my fate ; live honestly ; die with credit ; and thus insure temporal happiness, and eternal bliss."

The cart drew away, and poor Davis fled to the mercy of his father. May his misfortunes preserve the virtuous in the wisdom of their ways, and draw the vicious from the paths of destruction.

## CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACTS.

THE principal object of this collection is, to present a miscellaneous arrangement of such facts and anecdotes as characterise the manners, customs, prejudices, and oddities, among nations and people of every description.

I have known a man who began to travel at fourscore—his reason was, because he would not know in what country he was to be buried.

In the island of Ceylon the king has no title given him by his subjects. When they address this great prince, they, by way of respect, never call themselves men ; for example, if he asks any one of his

courtiers where he has been, he answers, your dog is come from—naming the place. If the king inquires if he has any children, he replies, your sow has borne two little ones to your hog.

The Holy Inquisition, in delivering their victims into the hands of their executioners, recommend them not to spill their blood—to prevent this, they are committed to the flames. The Moravian fraternity hold the spilling of blood in like horror, and have therefore ingeniously invented a singular punishment—this was in tickling the culprit to death.

(To be continued.)

INNOCENT

# INNOCENT SIMPLICITY BETRAYED.

(Concluded from page 473.)

THESE emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches ; but the quiet and upbraiding sorrows of *Louisa* nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words ; sometimes a few starting tears would speak them ; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, *Sir Edward* carried *Louisa* to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife ; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendour of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of *Sir Edward* to blazen with equipage and show, that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures ; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father ; a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. *Sir Edward* was too generous not to think of providing for *Venoni*. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest, is insult. He had not however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose.

He learned that *Venoni*, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and as his neighbours had reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her

afflictions, for a while, refused consolation. *Sir Edward's* whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief ; and after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like *Sir Edward's*, the affliction of *Louisa* gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horror of that guilt, which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London *Sir Edward* found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men : She had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people, in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety.

This scene was so foreign from the idea *Sir Edward* had formed of the reception which his country and his friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastick, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow ; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only signs of selfishness ; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships.



In the society of *Louisa* he found sensibility and truth ; hers was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare : She saw the return of virtue in *Sir Edward*, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assumed a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him ; her frame, too delicate for the struggle of her feelings, seemed to yield to their force ; the colour faded in her cheek, the lustre of her eyes grew dim.

*Sir Edward* saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure, which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening while he sat in a little parlour with *Louisa*, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a *hand organ* of a remarkable sweet tone, was heard in the street ; *Louisa* laid aside her lute and listened ; the airs it played were those of her native country ; and a few tears which she endeavoured to hide stole from her on hearing them. *Sir Edward* ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room : He was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which *Louisa* had often danced in her infancy : She gave herself up to the recollection, and

her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician changing the stop introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind. *Louisa* started from her seat and rushed up to the stranger. He threw off a tattered and black patch. It was her father ! she would have sprung to embrace him ; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcame his resentment ; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long lost daughter.

*Sir Edward* stood fixed in astonishment and confusion. " I came not to upbraid you," said *Venoni* ; " I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings ; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die ! When you saw us first, *Sir Edward*, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy ; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs and our cheerfulness ; you were distressed and we pitied you.

" Since that day the pipe has never been heard in *Venoni's* fields ; grief and sickness have brought him almost to the grave ; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet methinks though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy ; else why that dejected look, which amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed ?"

" But she shall shed no more," cried *Sir Edward* ; " you shall be happy, and I will be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries I have done you ; forgive me, my *Louisa*, for rating you excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high born females to which my rank might



might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts amidst affected purity, they are slaves to pleasure, without the sincerity of passion; and, with the name of honour, are insensible to the feelings of virtue.

"You, my *Louisa*!—but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem—continue to love your *Edward* but a few hours and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife;

let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will leave for a while the wonder and envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without alloy, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of *Venoni*."

### MARRIAGE CEREMONIES among the TSCHOUWASCHEs, a Finnish Nation.

[From the Rev. Mr. Tooke's Publication, entitled "Russia."]

**W**HENEVER a Tschouwascbe has a mind to marry, he commissions a friend to bargain for a girl for him, who always gets her as cheap as possible. The price of a girl for marriage is commonly from twenty to fifty rubles; but a good chafferer will get one at five, eight, or ten rubles: The rich, however, goes as far as eighty. The portion of the bride is paid in cattle, household furniture, and clothes, and is in proportion to the sum paid for her.

"After these preliminaries, follows a ceremony called, the carrying of the presents. The young man and his parents visit the betrothed, pay the price agreed on, and make the new relations several sorts of presents, consisting of shirts, clothes, and linen. On this occasion, the father of the girl makes an offering of a loaf of wheaten bread, and a portion of honey, to the sun, which he presents to that luminary, accompanied with a prayer for a happy marriage, and prosperity on the young people; after which, they sit down to eat and drink, and appoint the wedding day.

"The day being arrived, the nuptials are celebrated in this manner. The bride, covered with a veil,

hides herself behind a screen; from which, after some time, she goes and walks round the eating room, with a grave and solemn gait. Some young girls here bring her beer, honey, and bread; and when she has gone three times round the room, the bridegroom enters, snatches off her veil, kisses her, and changes rings with her. From this instant she bears the name of *schourafuegher*, or *betrothed girl*, in quality of which she distributes bread, honey, and beer, to the guests, with which they refresh themselves. She then returns behind the screen, where the married women put her on a *ghonspou*, or *cap of matron*, handsomer and more adorned than that she wore before the betrothing.

"In the evening, when the bride and bridegroom undress, the lady is obliged to pull off her husband's boots. The next morning they come to look for the Mosaiical proofs of virginity; when if it appears that the bride had been deflowered before, a boy, who serves as a sort of parnymp, presents a mug filled with beer to one of the principal assistants. In the bottom of this mug is a hole, which the lad stops with his finger, but draws it away when the other

other has the mug at his mouth : By which means the beer runs down his beard and bosom. This fails not to excite much laughter from the company, and a blush from the bride. But this terrible ceremony is never followed by any more serious consequences. The day after the bride appears as mistress of the house, regales her friends, and they divert themselves better than the day before : They dance to the sound of the Russian balalaica, the dudu, &c. Such of the Tschouwafches as have been baptized, notwithstanding their profession of Christianity, observe constantly this national ceremonial ; not neglecting, however, to subjoin the sacerdotal benediction of the church, though a long time, perhaps, after the marriage in their own way. The wedding is often held at the house of the bridegroom's parents, and is a

sort of club dinner, to which every guest brings his own share. Before the meal, a loaf is handed about, with a hole in the top of it, made by an arrow : Into this hole, such of the guests as are so inclined, put a few kopeeks, by way of present.

" Among the Tschouwafches the husband is master of the house : He orders every thing himself ; and it is the duty of the wife to obey without reply ; a custom calculated to prevent domestick broils : Accordingly quarrels are very uncommon in the families of the Tschouwafches. If the husband is utterly dissatisfied with his wife, he goes up to her, tears off her veil, or her cap, called *fourban* ; and this act alone is the sign of a complete divorce. All the Pagans among the Tschermishes, Mordvines, Votiaks, and Vogoules, have the same custom ; but the exertion of it is not very frequent."

## A DISSERTATION on the PUERPERAL FEVER.

(Concluded from page 504.)

**T**HUS much have I been able to gather from authors, and from the lectures given in this university, respecting the nature and cure of this destructive disease ; and have now to add a few observations I have made in my own practice in Canada.

Is it not reasonable to suppose, that, in different climates, the puerperal fever wears a different aspect ? In our cold climate, there most commonly prevails that state of the arterial system, which is known by the name of diathesis phlogistica ; and I have generally found, that puerperal patients bear bleeding better than we are led to suppose, from reading these English authors.

Dr. Leak's description of the disease comes the nearest to what I have observed in Canada of any of the English authors.

Dr. Tissot's history of the disease agrees with most of the cases I have met with, and his mode of treatment seems well adapted to our climate. I have found very beneficial effects from emeticks and ecroticks, and sometimes catharticks ; and in many instances I have taken away 2 oz. of blood with evident advantage ; but in most cases, I am rather deterred from using venesection at all.

The best way of preventing this disease is to obviate costiveness in the last months of pregnancy, to keep the woman, after delivery, perfectly easy in mind, as well as in body.

Her food should be light, and in small quantities ; her chamber should be properly aired, and every attention should be paid to cleanliness.

However ignorant we may be of the nature of the puerperal fever, of this

this we are certain, that the female system is in such a state, on delivery, that errors in either of these respects are apt to produce the disease; too much heat will cause it full as often as too much cold.

That particular state or predisposition of their bodies, must be enquired into, before we can thoroughly understand this disorder.

And indeed, from a view of the whole matter, I am induced to form the following opinion: That upon the nature of this predisposition, the disease depends; or, in other words, that the disorder, usually known by the name of the puerperal fever, or that fever to which lying in women are more peculiarly incident, assumes its form principally from circumstances pre-existing in the system. The circumstance of parturition, I would consider only as an exciting cause.

In this view of the matter, let us examine in what form it may be expected to make its appearance.

The state of pregnancy may be considered as having certain effects on the viscera of the abdomen in particular, and on the whole system in general. The pressure of the gravid uterus is the principal agent in producing them.

The evident consequences of this pressure are, 1. retention of fecal matter in the intestines, and perhaps in the bladder; 2. diminished excretion of the bile, or difficult entrance into the duodenum; 3. an obstruction to the free course of the chyle; and 4. impeded circulation in the abdominal viscera. The last of these may perhaps be considered as the only one in which the viscera in particular are immediately interested.

The circumstances affecting the system in general, are, distension of the fibres, of the uterus, which, from an extensive sympathy of parts with this organ, must necessarily increase

the irritability of the nervous system. From an accumulation of putrid matter in the intestines, an absorption of putrescent juices: The collection of bile in the receptacles of the liver, which, by stagnating, will be exposed to the absorption of its thinner and most diluting parts, and which will be the means of inducing constipation: Debility through the want of a nutritious, cooling fluid in the blood.

A combination of these causes with certain peculiarities of the habit may heighten the predisposition.

The causes dependent on parturition itself are,

1. Irritation upon the uterus.
2. Accelerated circulation, and increased heat.
3. Sanguineous evacuation.
4. Suspension of the requisite discharges.

The first of these may very readily be conceived as exciting disease, by means of the sympathy of parts with the uterus; and it will conspire with the already increased irritability.

The second by giving activity to the retained stagnant fluids, as the bile or thinner parts of the fæces.

The third, by encreasing the absorption of those fluids, the vessels of the receptacles being rendered more bibulous by the depletion.

And—The last, by augmenting the quantity of colluvies, and by an application of putrid matter to the orifices of the uterine vessels, in addition to that contained in other parts.

That these may operate differently in different cases of predisposition, seems agreeable to the dictates of reason and common sense. The degrees of violence in the attack are allowed to depend much on constitution and on predisposing causes; and why may not the nature of the symptoms



symptoms be dependant on them also? If it is granted that they may, are we not then justified in concluding, that the forms of this disease may be various in different cases, according to the predisposition of the habit? and may not the jarring opinions, and dissentient theories which the ingenious of our profession have advanced, be readily reconciled by these considerations?

Of the two leading theories that have been advocated by physicians, the one makes it an inflammatory, the other a putrid affection. Probably, in most cases, it is primarily inflammatory, and finally putrid; but may it not easily be conceived, that a puerperal fever which, in a plethorick habit, where the vessels being turgid are less disposed to absorption, would in its origin be highly inflammatory, might in a thinner habit, where the irritability is great, assume from the very beginning, a putrid type?

I have been informed of an instance, in this Commonwealth, of two ingenious practitioners of eminence widely differing in sentiment on this disease, tenaciously supporting their opinions upon fact and experience, and yet supporting them in direct opposition to each other. Might not both of them be in the right, and even the method of cure adopted by each of them be perfectly justifiable, though the one recommended an antiseptick, and the other an antiphlogistick course? They both practised according to the obvious symptoms of the malady; the one, under appearance actually putrid, prescribed antisepticks; the other, under those that were inflammatory, prescribed antiphlogisticks.

The many causes of absorption indeed should render us cautious of phlebotomy; but I conceive, it may sometimes be indicated.

It may, perhaps, be objected to what I have advanced, that if my theory is right, there is nothing specific in the puerperal fever.

To this I answer—That from the irritable state of the uterus in particular; from its vicinity to the sources of absorption; and other peculiarities in its situation immediately after parturition, I conceive such a variety in the character of the disease to be established, as may so far render it a disease *sui generis*, as to require a treatment very different from that of either the synocha, typhus or synochus; and if I dared, I would venture to give it a name that should designate it as a puerperal variety of the genus synochus.

Dr. Hulme's dissections have proved that in many cases of what is called the puerperal fever, an inflammation of the omentum and intestines was the proximate cause. This might have been combined with a diathesis phlogistica; and from the remote causes above mentioned, they assumed this form. It is to be presumed, however, that Dr. Hulme did not mean to consider it as a simple enteritis; but as a disease, the character of which depended on the connexion of the parts which were the seat of it, with the uterus; thus constituting a distinct species in a manner similar to that which I have adopted above.

As to any inflammation of the uterus which may take place in consequence of parturition, I have neglected to speak of it as connected with this disorder, for this is another disease, and it is that which has been considered by Dr. Cullen under the name of a hysteritis.

I shall pay due attention to this subject, as cases occur, and hope, sometime or other, to lay before you some farther observations, in addition to this imperfect sketch.

The



# The WAY to WEALTH.

(Concluded from page 486.)

III. **S**O much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and

"Many estates are spent in the getting,  
Since women for tea forsook spinning and  
knitting,  
And men for punch forsook hewing and  
splitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women and wine, game and deceit,  
Make the wealth small, and the want  
great."

And farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little expences; "A small leak will sink a great ship," as Poor Richard says; and again, "Whodainties love, shall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries, and nicknacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they

must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities." And again, "At a great penny worth pause a while:" he means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straightening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, "It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families; "Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences: And yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By these, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "It is day, and never will be night;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before,  
if

they had taken his advice. "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing," as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick father advises, and says,

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;  
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more,  
But little boats should keep near shore."

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, down-

right lying; for "The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt," as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, "Lying rides upon debts back." Whereas a free born Englishman ought not be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think a little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, "Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are able to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. "Those have a short lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter." At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

"For age and want save while you may,  
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

Gain

‘Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expence is constant and certain; and, “It is easier to build two chimnies, than to keep one in fuel,” as Poor Richard says: So, “Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold,  
‘Tis the stone that will turn all your lead  
into gold.”

And when you have got the philosopher’s stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. ‘This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: But, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of heaven; and therefore, ask the blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

‘And now to conclude, “Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,” as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, “We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.” However, remember this, “They that will not be counselled, cannot be

helped;” and farther, that “If you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,” as Poor Richard says.’

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on these topicks during the course of 25 years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious, that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## The PHILANTHROPIST. No. IX.

*Nobilest tam popolare quam bonitas; nulla de tuis virtutibus plurimis, nec gratior, nec admirabilior misericordia est; homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando; nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis; nec natura tua melius, quam ut velis conservare quam plurimos.* CICERO.

There is nothing so popular as goodness; not one of your numerous virtues is either more amiable, or more worthy of admiration, than your humanity. In nothing do men approach nearer to the gods, than by preserving their fellow creatures. Your fortune has not any thing more exalted than that you have the power, or your nature any thing more amiable, than that you have the inclination, to save multitudes. DUNCAN.

**I**N the eye of philosophy and religion, no people, no individual, deserves the character of great and wise, unless they pursue a conduct which is ennobling, cultivate man-

September, 1789.

C

ners which are engaging, and practise those private and social virtues which are useful and manly, which will prove *et decus et tutamen*, both an ornament and a safeguard. If reason



reason be the glory of man, sin, which is the most unreasonable thing in the world, is his shame. The more assiduously reason is cultivated and regarded, the higher will a man, or a nation, rise in real worth and true dignity of character. On the other hand, to follow the lead of appetite and passion, in opposition to the dictates of reason and the remonstrances of conscience, is lowering the crest of dignity, sinking from the character and station of manhood, strengthening an alliance with grovelling quadrupeds, and hastening towards the gulph of deserved infamy and ruin.

Reason suggests, and history confirms the truth, that nations and individuals advance in strength, in reputation, in every thing that is really excellent and dignifying, by adhering strictly to the uncorrupted principles and practice of virtue and religion; and that in proportion as they deviate from, and disregard these, they decline from true greatness, lose their influence and respectability, become diseased, enervated and defenceless, and swiftly hasten to dissolution. So true is that maxim of the wisest monarch who ever wielded a sceptre, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to a people."

Aristocracies, monarchies and despotick governments, may, in one sense, convey the idea of the most exalted grandeur and glory, to those who are governed more by what impresses their senses than what should influence their judgment. And indeed, were the rich and great, were princes and nobles, as eminent for their wisdom, their inflexible virtue, their philanthropy, their patriotism, their capacity for legislation, and their integrity in administration, as for the lustre of their station and circumstances, then might mankind freely and safely submit to an unchecked aristocracy, or to the

will of an absolute monarch. Kings of this character would be their nursing fathers, and nobles their guardians and friends. The spirits of men would be preserved, and not broken and rendered abject and servile. The honours and satisfactions of civil liberty would be maintained and enjoyed, and not wantonly trampled on and annihilated. Subjects would be treated like men, and not like cattle and beasts of burden. Solid and uniform virtue, which is the solace of the heart, and the sweetness and cement of society, would be promoted and encouraged among all ranks, by salutary laws, forceable sanctions, and superiour example.

But such is the culpable weakness of human nature, such the dazzling, the intoxicating and the corrupting power of wealth, eminence and royalty, that the greatest abilities and opportunities to do good, are too often perverted to the purposes of doing the greatest harm; and men, who by their exalted stations, might shed, like the sun, the purest rays of comfort, life and felicity, upon the world beneath them, which looks up to them for light to direct them, and for warmth to animate and perfect them, do often prove, like baleful comets, a terror and a scourge. To manifest and magnify their authority, men are tempted to tyrannise. To display their wealth, and dazzle others with the splendour of it, the rich abandon themselves to luxury, idleness, intemperance, gaming, lewdness and profligacy; and by this unmanly misuse and perversion of heaven's gifts, they widely disseminate wickedness, meanness and misery, among those who need their example and assistance to render them virtuous and happy.

Theory and experiment unite their evidence to convince us, that the principles of republicanism are the best adapted to the nature of



man as a rational, improveable, social, free, and self governing agent. These principles are most conducive to the general diffusion of knowledge, to the general practice of virtue, to the encouragement of general emulation in the pursuit and cultivation of those things which are really excellent and useful, and to the restraining of the eager propensity of corrupt nature to tyranny and licentiousness, to dissipation and wickedness ; and consequently, they have the greatest tendency to exalt and dignify human nature.

Happy, therefore, did they feel, and would they improve their advantages, are the United States of America ! Happy, in having liberty, opportunity and wisdom to devise and choose the most excellent constitution of government for their own individual states, and for the whole confederated nation ! Happy, in so peaceably establishing this government, so wisely filling its most important offices, and carrying it into execution ! Happy, especially, in having the tried abilities, piety and patriotism of a WASHINGTON to beam their united blessings on them, from a seat more dignified than an hereditary throne ! *Gratitude* bends the knee to heaven, that such a character was formed and designated for America's deliverer in war, her counsellor in peace, and her first President under a government of her own. *Piety* pours forth the most fervent supplications for his life, health and happiness. *Patriotism* breathes ardent wishes that the benign influences of his abilities and examples may be felt through all ranks, and through all generations. *America* leaps at the sound of his name, glories in such a son, and holds him up to all nations and kings, as a pattern of publick spirit and of private virtue. *Philanthropy*

triumphs in the honour which such a character reflects on human nature, and in the advantages which mankind may derive from its lustre. The visage of virtue is amiable, is venerable in any station ; but eminently so in the highest. In this illustrious instance we not only see that piety is practicable in a post of the greatest elevation, but adorns it ; and that what gives the finishing polish, and the commanding efficacy and merit to the qualities of the Hero, the Politician, the Patriot, and the Magistrate, is the amiable temper of the man, a profound veneration for the Deity, and a uniform observance of his commands.

" 'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man."

The votaries of infidelity and vice must blush and shrink into obscurity at the brightness of such a character, and the friends of religion renew their courage and their comfort in their virtuous course. With such advantages in their hands, and such an example before their eyes, Americans will be the most inexcusable and execrable of any people under heaven, if, unmindful of their obligations and privileges, they give way to vice and impiety. *Gratitude* to a beneficent Providence should warm every heart ; piety should preside over and regulate every life ; industry should employ every hand ; benevolence and patriotism should unite every class of citizens ; and all should determine, that *America* shall be the country to which the greatest nations, and the mightiest monarchs may look for the wisest maxims of policy, for the uninterrupted reign of equal liberty, for the noblest examples of inflexible virtue, and for the highest improvements in whatever can refine and dignify man.

TSOUY ;

## TSOUY ; or the PHILOSOPHER : A CHINESE HISTORY.

(Concluded from page 499.)

NEW researches are made ; and each is more ineffectual than the former. Tching-Ouang, not a little chagrined, resumes the road to his capital. His favourites would fain console him under this disappointment. ‘August Sire,’ said they, ‘you must now be convinced, that this phenomenon of human nature can have no existence. If there were a Philosopher, a single Philosopher on the globe, we should certainly have found him. This object of your sublime researches must be a mere chimera.’

It is decided then that a Philosopher is an imaginary being ; and that the ‘Sublime son of Heaven,’ must absolutely leave this illusion to the sons of earth.

During this conversation, in which Tcheou-Kong alone ventured to be of a different opinion, (or, in other words, to disclaim the language of flattery) they approach a kind of hamlet, the situation of which is charming beyond description. At a small distance, in the bosom of a valley, they perceive a house, the agreeable plainness and simplicity of which attract their notice. The august traveller meets a peasant : ‘To whom, said he, does this rural edifice belong ?’—‘To an odd fellow I think. Nobody can ever put him out of temper. We may play him a hundred mischievous tricks ; but do you know how he avenges himself ? By doing us all the good in his power. Indeed we cannot help loving him. But I know very little of him. I have not lived long in this place.’

The Emperor is very desirous to see a man of such a very singular character that even ill offices could not irritate him, and who seemed, moreover, to be actuated by no ordinary benevolence.

They direct their steps towards

this rustick retreat, whose sweet environs displayed the unobtrusive charms of modesty and artless nature ; while all around seemed to evince in some degree that active goodness, which is the character of Heaven. Flocks of sheep were feeding near the house : Some great trees were disposed in arbours, that passengers might recline under their refreshing shade ; nor were basins of transparent water wanting, to allay the weary traveller’s thirst.

When the Emperor arrived at this delightful abode, he found at the door a multitude of paupers, who were receiving a charitable allowance of rice. He enters. A venerable man, on the verge of fourscore, is upon his knees. He perceives not Tching-Ouang.—Tsouy (for that was the name of the good old man) addresses to Tien this prayer : ‘O God of Gods, what thanks have I to render thee ! Thou hast deprived me of opulence and grandeur ; but thou hast left me a morsel of bread, which I divide with my brethren. Continue to shed thy bounties upon this empire. Watch over the happiness of our august Sovereign ; and may my children be worthy to serve him, to serve their country, to serve humanity, and to address their homage to thee ! Grant, O Supreme Tien, that I may die in the bosom of my dear family, remembered by them, but forgotten by the world.’

The Emperor lost not one of these affecting words. But Tsouy having just perceived him and his attendants, instantly rises : ‘What motive, my worthy travellers, can bring you hither so far out of your way ?’—‘A desire,’ answered the Emperor ‘to find out the residence of Wisdom and Virtue.’—‘It is not here,’ resumed the modest old man, ‘that you will find those two uncommon treasures.

treasures. You will here behold only the picture of that happy mediocrity, which is the true situation of man. But in what can I be useful to you? Speak: We will endeavour to supply your wants, as far as Heaven has permitted us to enjoy a pleasure so sweet, so exquisitely pure!

Tfouy presents to Tching-Ouang his four sons, who all gloried in the profession of husbandry; and who were eminent, in particular, for zealously discharging all the obligations of filial piety. They retired a moment, in order to fetch fruits and flowers, which they presented to the Emperor, although unknown to them. But titles are not necessary to engage the Chinese to fulfil the duties of hospitality. It has been already observed, that they esteem politeness to be one of the first social virtues, which they are bound to practise to all, without respect of persons.

After a short prayer to Tien, they were seated at table. The Emperor could not sufficiently admire the benignity, the affability of this venerable man, a kind of divine serenity which beamed in his whole countenance.—‘How long, my father, have you inhabited this place?’—‘Near forty years. I live here unknown. I do as much good as possible; and it is the little I am able to do, that excites the recollection of my misfortunes. Alas, why am I not permitted to extend the proofs of sensibility to all the objects I would relieve?’—‘What! have you been unfortunate?’—‘I may at least appear so in the eyes of men: But I have unnumbered obligations to adversity. I am indebted to it for compassion, sensibility, and all the pleasures of the soul. It is a Counsellor, that feelingly persuades me what I am; that tells me I am a man. Had I not known disgrace, I had never known my heart; I had never enjoyed the ineffable satisfaction of pi-

tying, and sometimes mitigating, the woes of others.’—‘What is it you mean by *disgrace*?’—‘I was one of the Ministers of the deceased Emperor.’—‘You!’—‘I sedulously endeavoured to deserve his confidence. But Envy could not endure my prosperity: I was the victim of calumny; my enemies gained a superiour ascendancy over my Sovereign. It is so difficult for Monarchs to learn the truth. All my employments, and almost all my fortune, were taken from me.’—‘Did the virtuous Ou-Ouang commit this injustice? Alas! how much then are Sovereigns to be pitied!’—‘Certainly; and this is an example of it; for never before did an Emperor exhibit a more perfect image of Tien; and yet this master that was so dear to me.’—‘You weep, my good venerable sire!’—‘I repeat it, I am far from blaming him: It is the common misfortune of Kings; for so I may call that insurmountable difficulty, which excludes truth from all the avenues to the throne. I was then disgraced. With the wreck of my fortune I purchased the small field you see; I cultivate it with the assistance of my sons; and I have built a house large enough to exercise hospitality to strangers.’—‘What! is the Emperor dead, without having repaired?’—‘Once more, the Emperor was a man; he was deceived; he owed me nothing. I shall never cease the less to revere his memory; and I fervently pray that Tien may shower down his choicest blessings on his son.’

Tching-Ouang endeavoured to check his tears. ‘His son, my good father, his son must one day love you.’—‘Oh, no, I can never more think of returning to court. I shall die here; and I exhort my family never to quit this retreat. May their eyes and hearts be ever fixed upon my grave, and may their ashes be mingled with mine! May they be content, while they enjoy an inno-



cent life, to gather the produce of this field ; and may they be able to increase their bounties, like the dew of Heaven, that enriches the earth.' 'But whence is it that you do not enjoy an extensive reputation ?'— 'This is also one of the favours of Heaven, for which I daily return thanks. How much is obscurity preferable to rank, to the most splendid name ! Wisdom and Humanity should be dear to us for their own sakes. Virtue ever receives her own reward in the little good she has the happiness to perform. The inhabitants of the next village sometimes divert themselves by damaging my meadows, and breaking my fruit trees.'— 'And what punishment do you demand for such ungrateful people ?'— 'I take care of their sick ; I relieve their poor ; I comfort them in affliction. It is not through malignity but wantonness that they act thus ; for in human nature, I am convinced, there is more of weakness than wickedness.'— 'O admirable mortal !' exclaimed the Emperor ; 'and here,' internally thought he, 'is at last the philosopher I have so long searched for !'— 'Admirable ! I only discharge my duty. It is my business to forget the faults of others, and amend my own. And besides, which is the happiest man, he who injures, or he that is injured ? The latter has only to forgive, and he is certain of a pleasure which the other can never taste.'

Tching-Ouang could no longer refrain from tears. 'Too susceptible stranger,' said Tsouy, 'how much does this proof of sensibility affect me !'— 'Embrace me, most excellent of men ! Yes, I have at last found the long-sought for object of our journey. Adieu ! venerable Tsouy, you may one day know me.'

The Emperor was profuse in his expressions of joy : 'I am at length recompensed,' said he, 'for all my fatigues. I have discovered this pre-

sent from Heaven, this wonder of human nature. You did right, sage Tcheou-Kong, not to question his existence.'

At last they return to the capital ; and the Emperor having resumed the administration of affairs, commands that Tsouy and his four sons be brought before him.

The venerable man receives the Emperor's command with becoming deference : But his sons give way to inquietude and grief. 'Doubtless,' they said, 'our father's enemies are plotting new machinations against him.'— 'Oh my friends,' says the good Tsouy, 'what have you to fear ? You have hitherto lived virtuously ; and will it not be easy for you to die ? I will set you the example. Come, appear at court with your instruments of agriculture. These are the ensigns of dignity, which you must oppose to those of your persecutors.'

Tsouy and his family, conducted to the imperial city, appear before their sovereign, each with a pickaxe or spade. They prostrate themselves, and are ordered to rise. 'My father,' said the Emperor, 'do you not recollect me ?' Tsouy lifting up his eyes, is struck with astonishment. He would again prostrate himself before the throne. The Emperor descends from it ; embraces him with the warmest effusion of soul ; and turning to a crowd of courtiers and learned men, whom curiosity had drawn to the palace : 'Behold,' said he, 'the mortal, the celestial man, for whom I have so long sought in vain ! Behold the Philosopher. Henceforth, Tsouy shall be called by no other name.'—Tsouy exclaims : 'Forgive me, august Sire, if I presume to interrupt you. Where are my writings, that can entitle me to this splendid distinction ?'— 'Your virtuous actions, my venerable father, your beneficent deeds, are the best of books.



If Confucius had been content only to write on wisdom, and had never practised her precepts, do you think he would have merited the name of *Supreme Legislator*? You and your family shall be honoured with every mark of my esteem. I will endeavour to repair the errors of my father; and his son will glory in being your protector and your friend. Share with Tchedu-Kong the painful cares of government. Assist me both with your enlightened wisdom and support; and, above all, never fear to present constantly before me the mirror of truth.'

Tsouy would have declined this exalted honour: 'I command you,' said the Emperor, 'in the name of my people, not to deceive my hopes. Imitate, each of you, that excellent minister Chao Kong, and you will be like him, the benefactor of the Empire.'

Tsouy could only answer by those delicious tears, the expression of unspeakable gratitude. He, and all his family, enjoyed permanent favour; and he had, moreover, the satisfaction of pardoning his enemies, whose destiny had been committed to his pleasure. He had even the divine felicity of returning good for evil, and of supporting them by his credit with the generous Tching Ouang.

The Chinese, after their deaths, erected two statues to their memory. That of the Emperor had no other inscription than these affecting words;

THE BENEFACTOR.

And on the pedestal of the statue of Tsouy was inscribed that name, which has transmitted his eulogy to posterity;

THE PHILOSOPHER.

L.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.  
GENTLEMEN,

*The following Account, however incredible, is matter of serious fact, and never appeared in print. I flatter myself it will be entertaining.* Z. P.

### SOMETHING UNACCOUNTABLE.

MR. B. had received a learned education at one of the first seminaries in America. The dawn of childhood displayed uncommon traits of genius; and the morn of manhood returned him to his respectable friends, all that the fondest affection could wish. Early designed for the law, he soon became distinguished at the bar, and blest with a handsome fortune, exerted all his abilities in defending the widow, and protecting the fatherless. Villany shrunk abashed from his penetrating eye; and the lawless oppressor trembled as he spoke. His manners were engaging to the highest degree. His morals irreprouchable in the commerce with both sexes;

his piety resulted from gratitude and love. The conscience void of offence, seldom feels the gloom of superstition; perhaps no man was freer from the least tincture of it, than this worthy character, and although a warm advocate for the agency of Providence, he frequently smiled at the vulgar notions of those extraordinary appearances which are deemed supernatural. A few years had rolled imperceptibly away, in performing continual acts of benevolence, and doing illimited good to such as had none to help, when some special pleadings in a momentous cause, obliged him to undertake a journey of eighty miles. Business of various kinds delayed his setting out

out till the last day of term approached ; he mounted his horse before sun rise, travelled with expedition, and at eight in the evening reached within ten miles of his intended tour. Excessively fatigued by the heats of a violent August sun, he seriously wished for repose, and called at a minister's house to whom he had letters, and who rather kept genteel lodgings for men of science, than a caravanfary for general refreshment. The stranger was received with uncommon attentions, past a few moments in agreeable conversation—partook of a light supper—and retired to an elegant chamber. All nature was hush as the temple of death ; not a voice to interrupt the calmness of repose ; not a breath from the trees to disturb sleep ; the family and servants were sunk in the arms of slumber ; a universal solemn stillness pervaded the town ; but neither wearisome lassitude, nor a predisposition for rest, were of any avail—Mr. B. turned from side to side, and as the hours past off grew more wakeful. A neighbouring church clock had struck twelve—the moon rose, and shed her fair influence around. He looked towards the door, and saw approaching his bed, a most beautiful girl about ten or fifteen. The elegance of her countenance, symmetry of limbs, and delicacy of shape, bespoke something more than human. It was a face he never had seen—the serenity of hope, the glow of faith, the rapture of joy, played upon features divinely expressive ; yet her attitude was such, as displayed peculiar affection for him, and deeply interested the tenderest feelings. Her head gently inclined, her arms stretched out as to clasp a beloved object, awakened every emotion of compassion ; and a visible languor that succeeded a healthy look—a deadly pallidness, that obliterated the fading rose, rendered this unexpected

interview exquisitely affecting. He viewed her for some time with fixed attention, blended with the diffidence of beholding an angel in distress ; drew the curtain on that side, and turned silently away. Again the appearance met his wondering sight, if possible, ten times more engaging than before. He had leisure to contemplate her dress, the animation that beamed from her eyes—the lovely ringlet of auburn tresses that flowed on her bosom. The *tout ensemble* surpassed description. Convinced that his door was carefully locked, and no other aperture leading to the chamber, he put on his clothes, and determined to traverse the town till morn. The unknown fair, attended to the stair case—and instantly vanished ; with a look that expressed filial affection, and asked parental pity. Various attempts to solve the inexplicable enigma busied his thoughts ; he was assured it must be supernatural ; the why and wherefore he could not fathom. Unwilling to hurt the feelings of the good old couple, he returned before they were up, called for his horse, settled the bill, took not the least notice of any thing extraordinary to the servant, and proceeded on his journey. A few days terminated the business in which he was engaged, a few more he resolved to dedicate to those friends who had honoured him with pleasureable invitations. The accomplishments of this excellent young man were a passport to the politest circles ; among others, his Excellency the Governour who resided in the capital where he then was, requested his company at dinner. Miss Amelia, his youngest daughter, bore a striking resemblance to the lovely form he had so lately seen ; ten thousand confused ideas rushed upon his soul—he fell violently in love with this amiable lady, and previously to leaving the metropolis, made those honourable proposals which

which end in matrimony. Some intervening circumstances debarred him for two or three years the pleasure he sought for in a partner. At length the nuptials were consummated, and Madam B. retired with her husband, to the place of his abode. The returning twelvemonth crowned the wishes of the new married couple with an infant daughter, the peculiar favourite of a fond father; the darling of an affectionate mother. Four or five annual revolutions lead us to forget many things that once affected with a peculiar pathos. This was the case with Mr. B. From a practising attorney, he had past to the grade of a barrister; from the bar, he had been summoned to the bench; and scarcely a trait of the fair one, whom he had once thought of with such various emotions, ever entered his mind. The little Amelia had nearly completed her ninth year; pronounced the paragon of beauty, and phoenix of accomplishments. Her grandfather (who still retained his post in government) wished to see her, and strongly advised her passing a few months with Madam —, the hostess of the house where Mr. B. formerly put up, who since that period had founded an Academy for young ladies, and was justly celebrated as the first preceptress in that state. Every trace of a transaction which took place thirteen years before, had past off as the remembrance of a dream. The parents gave their consent, and Miss Amelia was put under the tuition of this incomparable governess. The writer of the present anecdote had the pleasure to be introduced to her at his Excellency's, and must in justice observe, that when imagination has taken the boldest flight—fancy collected every idea of perfection—judgment refined the whole—and genius drawn the most finished picture, it

*September, 1789.*

D

will fall infinitely short of her real portrait. Her external, from head to foot, was precisely the same, that I conceive Eve's to have been previous to the fall—her mind a degree above it, it was angelick, ethereal, not a particle of earth beloged to the celestial inhabitant.

But a few weeks elapsed, and Amelia was seized with the alarming symptoms of a putrid fever. All the physicians of eminence were instantly summoned; they candidly pronounced her case beyond the reach of art. An express was dispatched for Mrs. and Mr. B. They posted as on the wings of the wind. At the moment he entered the chamber, (that very one where so long before he had seen the appearance already mentioned) Miss Amelia was standing nearly in the attitude above described, supported by two attendants, whilst others were changing the bed. Her father looked—the whole transaction rushed upon his mind; he burst into agonizing tears; and fervently exclaimed, "Thy will be done, oh my God! and the God of my fathers! It was she whom I saw; help is in vain; I resign thee, sweet inhabitress of etherial realms! Thou wast lent for a moment, that hour is eternally past!" The third day from his arrival, she was no more. And I have frequently heard him say, that he recognized perfectly in this beloved daughter, the features and dress of the vision that appeared, whilst as yet he had no idea of marriage. And by comparing the minutes of the time when he undertook the journey heretofore spoken of, ascertained to a certainty, that the night of Miss Amelia's death completed fourteen years to an hour, from the moment of her first appearance to him, which was nearly five anniversaries previous to her having had existence.

Z. P.

OF



## OF SPIDERS.—A remarkable Case near Philadelphia.

OF all the productions of Nature, none are more worthy of contemplation than the *insect* and *reptile tribes*; for there, we generally find her, sporting in all her rich luxuriance of colours and shades, and frequently superadding to the most superb attire of the smallest of her visible works, an *insect*, (if it deserves no higher name) rarely to be found in larger animals.

To a speculative mind nothing can be productive of greater pleasure than an attention to the conduct and actions of the ants; in the regulations of whose little republick there is so much of order and prescience discoverable, that it is difficult to divest ourselves of the idea of a subsisting *reason*; and if but instincts, *Blush! Oh Humanity!*

Who can view the *spider's* tender filament, of mysterious formation, and his fine wrought snare, without admiration! his agility, cunning, and strength, are amazing!

A gentleman, walking in the vicinity

of Philadelphia, had his attention attracted by the fluttering of a *bird* in a neighbouring bush; upon his nearer approach he was much astonished to see a *large bird*, of the *yellow* species, suspended in the air, at least a foot's distance from any adjoining twig, and a monstrous large *spider*, of a beautiful variegated hue, unremittingly engaged in completing its entanglement in his mystic net.—The *bird* was full grown; and exerted all its little strength to disengage itself, but in vain; and it must soon have fell a victim to its too powerful adversary, as he had already twisted his threads so tightly round the little creature's neck, that it was very near suffocation at the time the gentleman arrived to its succour, which he effected, and made prize of the *spider* likewise; both which he presented to Mr. C. W. Peale, in whose very valuable *Museum* they are still preserved for the gratification of the curious.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## LETTER from Dr. FRANKLIN to the late Dr. MATHER.

REVEREND SIR,

I RECEIVED your kind letter, with your excellent advice to the people of the United States, which I read with great pleasure, and hope it will be duly regarded. Such writings, though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet if they make a deep impression on one active mind in an hundred, the effects may be considerable. Permit me to mention one little instance, which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy I met with a book, entitled, "*Essays to do Good*," which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former posses-

for, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *Doer of Good*, than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the publick owes the advantage of it to that book. You mention your being in your 78th year: I am in my 79th;—we are grown old together. It is now more than 60 years since I left Boston, but I remember, well, both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit, and seen them in their houses. The

Last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library, and on my taking leave, shewed me a shorter way out of the house through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, *sloop, sloop!* I did not understand him, till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed any occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, "*You are young, and have the world before you; sloop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.*" This advice, thus beat into my heart, has frequently been of use to me, and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high.

I long much to see again my native place, and once hoped to lay my bones there. I left it in 1723. I visited it in 1733, 1743, 1753 and 1763. In 1773 I was in England; in 1775 I had a sight of it, but could not enter, it being in possession of the enemy. I did hope to have been there in 1783, but could not obtain my dismissal from this

employment here: And now, I fear, I shall never have that happiness. My best wishes however attend my dear country, *Esto perpetua*. It is now blest with an excellent constitution, may it last forever! This powerful monarchy continues its friendship for the United States. It is a friendship of the utmost importance to our security, and should be carefully cultivated. Britain has not yet well digested the loss of its dominion over us, and has still at times some flattering hopes of recovering it. Accidents may encrease those hopes, and encourage dangerous attempts. A breach between us and France, would infallibly bring the English again upon our backs; and yet we have some wild heads among our countrymen who are endeavouring to weaken that connexion.

Let us preserve our reputation by performing our engagements, our credit by fulfilling our contracts, and our friends, by gratitude and kindness; for we know not how soon we may again have occasion for all of them.

With great and sincere esteem,

I have the Honour to be,

Reverend Sir,

Your most obedient and  
most Humble Servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

Passy, May 12, 1784.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The P O L I T I C I A N. No. III.

**T**O secure the efficacy of laws and the dignity of government, all civil communities have found it necessary to punish offenders. Among other punishments, taking the life of the delinquent has been looked upon as expedient in certain cases of enormity, where the publick good is greatly endangered; but, ask humanity whether the publick good ever requires this punishment, where only property is concern-

ed? and the answer will most surely be no, whatever it may be in case of life and death. Ask the politician the same question, and if he will divest himself of the prejudice of custom and precedent, he must also say no. For what purpose does society punish at all? Is it to repair the damage at once by the offence, or to revenge it? No person of common sense will say it is either; but simply to secure the future good of the whole,

whole, by deterring others from the like offence. The freebooter robs a man of his purse, and is hanged; that does not restore the money; and whatever the Judge who sentences, or the Sheriff who executes, may think of the matter, yet the law, and the legislature who makes it, cannot mean to act on so unworthy a motive as revenge; but to awaken the fears of mankind must be the only object in view, when the criminal is ordered to execution. But, is taking the life of the offender the best way of doing this? The laws of most countries have said so, and of Great Britain in particular, to the everlasting disgrace of the nation. From them we have hitherto mostly copied our law principles; but are we always to do so? No, rather let reason and the genuine principles of human actions, guide our country in the framing and enforcing of its laws. If we are a free people, let us use our liberty; let us throw off the shackles of custom, where we can see no good foundation for its continuance. Setting aside all consideration of the slender proof in favour of the right society pretend to, of taking the life of a man, because he has unjustly, forcibly, or feloniously taken the property of another—(for which hardly any thing more can be said, than that a combination of the *many* against the *few*, will almost always carry the sway, right or wrong)—let the fallacy of the measure be examined; does it answer the end designed, (allowed by all to be) restraining those, who it is supposed will not otherwise govern themselves? And is it not the insensible, the abandoned wretch, who is expected to commit crimes worthy of death? But he, who through vice and profligacy of manners, is grown callous to all the generous feelings of human nature, is not likely to regard an ignominious death, as an object of much terror. Nothing can ap-

pear more terrible than the gibbet, to one who has a noble sense of the world's esteem, of his own worth, who is sensibly touched by shame and contempt. But what is all this to the culprit, who knows he has long since forfeited all right to the world's good opinion, and designedly conquered all sense of ignominy? This does not depend on reason alone, for it is remarked by all who have ever been witnesses, that in Great Britain, more than one half of those unfortunate creatures that are daily dragged to execution, ascend the gibbet in triumph; and the more frequent this punishment is exhibited to the crowd, the more it defeats its own end, by increasing the insensibility of all beholders. How shocking is it to humanity, to see a fellow creature dragged from a long confinement in a loathsome dungeon, emaciated to the verge of life, amidst a croud of spectators, gasping for life! And for what? Blush humanity, blush insensibility to tell! For a paltry heap of gold. And is wealth then so near your hearts that you will take a man's life to secure it? Great God of Nature, thou didst make us to be kind to each other! But where are your feelings, ye who can calmly see such spectacles? And where is the wisdom of those who encourage such insensibility by sanguinary laws? Who, that had any regard to the good of human nature, would not do his utmost to encourage the delicate feelings of humanity and tenderness? What politician, that wished to render his people pliable to government, would not by mild and gentle laws, inspire humanity and kindness into them all, and avoid every thing that should tend to make them callous and insensible. And it is impossible to estimate the ill effects of publick executions, on the minds of children, and such as are not capable of reasoning on the matter. Revenge is the only idea they are apt  
to



to entertain, and that inspires execration, instead of compassion, which the sufferer is entitled to. Let the miser hug his gold, and tell us there would be no securing our property, unless thieves and robbers were hanged out of the way; yet one generous effort of the humane heart, is enough to overset all his logick, and make one at least willing to try the experiment. Cannot society subsist without making war upon each other by rule, and pursuing it to the shedding of blood? Is there no way of securing the openly abandoned from doing mischief? Is there not wisdom enough in all the world to devise a plan, that shall secure the peaceable inhabitant, the force of the law, and spare the life of the offender. Castle William proves that such a scheme is not impracticable; and if the criminal in this situation does no good to his country, he is at least not a burthen, and remains a living monument of its justice.—But it has been said, *that slavery is worse than death to one born in a free country; be it so*—If it is justly more to be dreaded, it is reasonable to suppose it will better answer the design of a punishment, by more effectually deterring others. Though in regard to the criminal, this notion hardly holds true, for by habit he is soon reconciled to his cage, while to the spectator it carries all its horrors continually about it; at the same time, children and such as are not possessed of those fine notions of honour, of liberty, and slavery, unavoidably are led to entertain the idea of a reparation to society, and revenge will never enter their heads.

If the criminal can be secured against committing the like offence, and barely not be a burthen, while he remains a greater terrour to evil doers than if he were under ground, is it possible, within the whole circle of common sense at least, to find a single argument in favour of taking life? *But if a man breaks all the laws of society, he forfeits all claim to its protection, of course his life is in the hands of his fellow creatures, to do as they please.* This cannot be conceded, unless the savage principle of retaliation is allowed to be just; it cannot be conceded so long as society has means to restrain him, in general, within the bounds set, to make him do his duty to himself and the world.

If this is a refined age, let us dare to shew our refinement, by expunging from among us, all laws and usages that were derived from the ages of barbarism; and without doubt, punishment by death had its origin in the savage notion of revenge, which justice and humanity compel us to explode, and sound policy cannot be inconsistent with these. If the foregoing observations deserve any weight, it is devoutly to be wished that something more humane, if not more efficacious, may be substituted in the room of capital punishments. The final determination of the matter, however, ought to rest on the following question, which though a trite one, may with no less propriety be asked in this place—*Can we, in making a civil contract, convey to the magistrate that power which we ourselves do not possess, viz. to take away our own life, or that of another man?*

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

AN E P I T A P H,

Upon Mr. ROGER NEWTON, late of GREENFIELD, written by one of his Friends.

**B**ENEATH this Marble,  
Are deposited the remains of an amiable  
young man,

By Nature highly favour'd, yet when living,  
Fortune frown'd upon him.

Passing Reader!

Wouldst thou know his character as I do?  
Then

Then stop and scan this little  
**Portrait.**  
 Born to the ample possession of an intellect  
 Emphatically strong,  
 And a disposition spontaneously fertile  
 In the richest virtues of the human heart,  
 Wisdom was his *pole star*, and Benevolence  
 his *conductress*.

By the first he was enabled  
 To support the fatigue of literary enquiry,  
 With uncommon resolution,  
 And to bear the burden of oppressive accident,  
 with a certain intrepid firmness,  
 The opposing neither of insensibility nor  
 rashness,  
 But naturally springing from that noble and  
 early engrafted principle of belief,  
 "WHATEVER IS—IS RIGHT."

By the second  
 He became to the *circle* of his friends and  
 acquaintance,  
 The centre of their purest love and most ex-  
 alted esteem ;  
 While his unremitting exertions for the  
 Promotion of their happiness,  
 Fed by the wisest wishes of his heart,  
 Did not fail to render their friendship  
 As perpetual as it was extraordinary.  
 He was possessed of a singular humanity of  
 temper, and a  
 Peculiar undistinguished honesty of beha-  
 viour,

In a high degree captivating to all  
*Good characters.*  
 The hand of nature had deposited in his bosom  
 A rich treasure of compassionate fellow  
 feeling ;  
 He melted at the woes of others ;  
 And took unutterable delight in alluaging  
 the anguish of *distress*, with the  
 gentle emollient of a  
*sympathetic* tenderness.  
 In private, and domestic life,  
 He was agreeable without levity, and affec-  
 tionate without weakness.  
 And whether we contemplate him in the  
 character of a son, a brother, a friend,  
 or a companion,  
 We shall but broaden the foundation of our  
 love,

By a discovery of the most amiable  
*Correspondent qualities.*  
 Without that sudden glare of character,  
 So pregnant with instantaneous but sickle  
 admiration,  
 He was one of those men who gradually ri-  
 pen the fruit of friendship  
 By the unceasing irradiations of  
 A benevolent heart ;  
 While the *hand* of time, gently operating on  
 the minds of others,  
 Imperceptibly *deposits* the *prize* of their es-  
 teem, beyond the *vanity*  
 Of fortuitous caprice.

Whenever he failed in an undertaking,  
 He was shielded from the censure of others  
 By the purity of his motive,  
 While the conscious honesty of his heart  
 Quell'd the rising murmur of complaint,  
 And operated as an antidote against  
 The freaks of *disappointment*.

His unabateable desire after knowledge  
 Was a perpetual and a *wasting fever*  
 To his constitution ;  
 While the most abundant successive draughts  
 From the *literary fount*,  
 Served, not, in the least appreciable degree,  
 To quench his *all-thirstful curiosity*.  
 All the avenues of learning were equally ac-  
 cessible to his active genius ;  
 But while he was *travelling* with univall'd  
 rapidity

Up the *publick high way* of acquisition,  
 Death started from the *ambush* of *disease*  
 And arrested the youthful traveller  
 In his *course*.

Smiling angels have hail'd his arrival  
 On the coast of immortality.  
 Happy for his contemporaries that he liv'd  
 long enough to draw the outlines of a  
 perfect character, for their imitation.

Let all who knew him,  
 Strive to imitate and excel him,  
 While from his cold clay, gently *vegetating*,  
 Spring up and nourish,  
 With *verdure immortal*,  
 The plants of wisdom,  
 And the *ever blooming buds* of instruction  
 Gracefully adorn his Tomb.

N. H.

# TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

If you think the following Essay worth a place in your useful Repository, you  
 will, by inserting it, oblige one of your Customers.

## On F R I E N D S H I P.

" The bliss of FRIENDSHIP Vice can never know,

" From Virtue's fount alone, her streams must flow."

**I**T is the lot of humanity to be sub-  
 ject to various ills, but no less her  
 boast that she has a remedy for those  
 ills. Among the numerous misfor-

tunes coincident with human nature,  
 perhaps no one is more afflicting  
 in time of distress, than a want of a  
 generous, sincere, and virtuous friend.

Were

Were it not for the glow of friendship, adversity would be intolerable, prosperity unrelished, and existence burdensome, tedious, and undesirable. There is an opinion generally adopted, that true happiness originates from sensuality and grandeur. But opulence is so far from contributing any permanent satisfaction, that it poisons the pure fountains of friendship and content; from which proceed the most exalted pleasures, that refine and adorn human nature. Wealth creates care, care produces trouble, trouble pain, and pain misery. Wealth without a friend, is like life without health. Friendship is a cordial for human woe. She excludes the dull, corroding cares of sorrow, and gives true happiness to all the sons and daughters of distress.

The vicious are incapable of possessing the genuine principles of friendship. Lost to the sense of honour, and deaf to the voice of virtue, they seek their happiness amidst the riots of intemperance and sensuality. They become callous to the swelling sigh of affliction, unmoved by the tear of pity, and, above all, regardless of the ties of friendship, gratitude and benevolence. Whereas the virtuous are awake to the feelings of sympathy, and ever ready to administer the joys of sensibility and friendship. When the mind is involved in sorrow and distress, the tender feelings of a generous friend, like the soothing notes of music, soften every pain, and tune every heart with notes of gratitude and joy. Can the mind, warmed with a glimmering spark of sensibility, cease to vibrate with the sweetest emotions of rapture, at the touch of friendship? She dignifies the soul with the most ennobling sensations, and inspires every heart with the refined pleasures of sociability. Her charms can soften the harsh feelings of the fav-

age, and soothe the rude unpolished thought to a refined and delicate sentiment.

The existence of society depends on the principles of friendship. Were it not for the social affections mankind would have made but slow advances toward civilization. To friendship, refinement owes her birth, her progress, and her perfection. The improvement of learning was so dependent on the united exertions of the patrons of science, that were it not for their friendly connexion, literature would have inevitably remained in the dreary abodes of barbarism. Friendship is not only the nurse of improvement, but the polish, and even the greatest ornament to humanity.

As virtue is the sacred spring, from which all the joys of friendship proceed, none but the virtuous are susceptible of its genuine principles. To maintain that harmony, so essential to the being of society, it is absolutely necessary that the feelings and sentiments of its members should be congenial.

"Two kindest souls alone must meet,  
Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
And feeds their mutual loves.  
Bright Venus on her rolling throne  
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,  
And Cupids yoke the doves."

The virtuous and vicious are characters directly opposite. Their sentiments, their propensities, and even their natures, are different. Consequently their connexion would be incompatible. As the lamb avoids the wolf, so friendship shuns a vicious man.

"Nor can the soft enchantment hold  
Two jarring souls of angry mould,  
The rugged and the keen;  
Samson's young foxes might as well  
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,  
With firebrands tied between."

The criterion, by which we may ascertain the merits of him, whom we would choose for our friend, is sincerity and virtue. If he be sincere and virtuous we may have hopes  
of



of a generous friend. But without sincerity there can be no virtue, and without virtue there is no friendship. The temple of friendship is founded on virtue. Sincerity, gratitude and benevolence are its pillars. Therefore take away the foundation, and you will destroy the edifice. Should we make choice of a friend, let us enquire, whether he will delight to cultivate friendship with him, whom adversity has reduced to extreme poverty? Will he deprive himself of every enjoyment, retire into soli-

tude, and drop a tear of sympathy for the afflicted? Will he resign his life for a friend, and prove himself a Damon, or a Pythias? If he will do these generous deeds, seek an interest in his friendship. Embrace him for a friend; live with him as a friend, and venture to die for him, as for a friend. He is preferable to all the crimson treasures of life, and well deserves the title of a friend. "A world in purchase of such a friend is gain."

SOCIALIS.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## The COLLECTION. No. IX.

*Detached Thoughts on various Subjects.*

LXXII.

**W**HETHER fondness of fashion, or love of novelty, betrays men into the most mistakes, it is difficult to determine. The best things are slighted by some for mere antiquity, though founded upon authority and reason; and others maintain a veneration for whatever custom has established, though founded upon neither.

LXXIII.

**OPINION** is the guide of fools; but wise men are conducted by reason and prudence; it is a monster, half truth, half falsehood.

LXXIV.

**THE** most barren grounds, by maturing, may be made to produce good fruit; the fiercest beasts, by art, are made tame. So are moral virtues acquired by custom.

LXXV.

**THE** best dowery to advance the marriage of a young lady, is when she hath in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, in her behaviour modesty, and in her life virtue.

LXXVI.

An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper, in a wife, outlive all the charms of

a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

LXXVII.

**WOMEN** should be acquainted that no beauty hath any charms but the inward one of the mind; and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that hath these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the educating of children, for an affection to her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.

LXXVIII.

**NOTHING** can atone for the want of modesty and innocence, without which beauty is ungraceful and quality contemptible.

LXXIX.

**A GREAT** many people are as fond of books as they are of furniture, to dress and set off their room, more than to adorn and enrich their minds.

LXXX.

**IN** marriage prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the

the mind before the body ; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

LXXXI.

HOW wretched is it to consider the care and cost laid out upon luxury and show, and a general neglect of those shining habits of the mind, which should set us off in real and solid excellencies ! When pleasure is predominant, all virtues of course are excluded.

LXXXII.

MORE hearts pine away in secret anguish, for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.

LXXXIII.

WE should chuse a friend endued with virtue as a thing in itself lovely and desirable ; which consists in a sweet and obliging temper of mind, and a lively readiness in doing good offices.

LXXXIV.

TRUE friends are the whole

world to one another ; and he that is a friend to himself, is a friend to mankind. There is no relish in the possession of any thing without a partner.

LXXXV.

KNOWLEDGE will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome, digging for deep pure waters, but when once you come to the spring they rise up and meet you.

LXXXVI.

IT is fancy, not reason of things, that makes life so uneasy to us as we find it. It is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone, that makes any body happy or miserable.

LXXXVII.

DISCORD is every where a troublesome companion ; but when it is shut up in a family, and happens amongst relations, who cannot easily part, it is harder to deal with.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## The REFORMER. No. VI.

FASHIONS in drefs have varied with such astonishing rapidity from the days of grandmother Eve, to this present hour, as render it totally impossible to trace the almost instantaneous revolutions. Scarce an article of the reigning mode in our generation, bears any resemblance to former ones, now passed away. The time has been, when monstrous perukes, fit for a Lord Chief Justice, adorned the heads of little boys ; and Master, with his well powdered wig and enormous walking stick, strutted to school with more gravity than a methodist parson to the pulpit : This ridiculous habit has long been laughed out of countenance, and a more becoming appearance universally adopted.

September, 1789.

E

The hat, a few years since, emulated the size of a dollar, and was less efficacious to shield from the sun or rain, than Monsieur's *chapeau bras*, transported under his arm. All at once it increased in dimensions ; the crown wonderfully deepened, the brim protruded amazingly, and might have easily past for a decent umbrella stuck on a living pole. Our fashionables are at present tolerably proper, and deserve little or no animadversion : Coats, jackets, and small clothes, have experienced a similar fate ; prodigious long skirts, short waists, pockets fit to carry a folio, and no pockets at all, have had their day. Alterations of this sort find employment for various trades, from the operator

operator upon the head, to the buckle maker for the foot, and may be considered as totally harmless. But when fashions are adopted which injure the health, enfeeble the constitution, and bring on untimely deaths, they merit reprobation. From the hardihood of our makes, nothing is to be feared on this score as debilitating the modern race of men monkeys, alias macaronies. The more delicate texture of the female system, merits a watchful eye, lest they fall martyrs at the shrine of the fickle goddess. I have ever entertained the tenderest concern for their real welfare; and of late experienced the cruellest anxieties, from reiterated accounts of many cut off in a few months, by hectic complaints, and consumptive habits, who a little while before, wanted in the luxuriance of health, and apparent firmness of constitution.

Last evening, an official application was made to me, in character of Reformer, and duty, united to inclination, oblige me to lay it before the publick; at the same moment indulging a pleasing hope, that the remonstrance is not founded in truth.

*To the REFORMER.*

SIR,

WE the undersigned, in behalf of ourselves and families, approach before you, as petitioners and remonstrants, most humbly shewing,

That for many years past, we have been severally employed, as our honoured predecessors were from time immemorial, in the service of the *Miss Followmodes*, and their uncounted connexions, the *Huntfashions*, of ever blessed memory. All of whom can bear witness to our indefatigable zeal, in the due adornment of their beautiful bodies, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot; and also give honourable testimonial, that in our several professions, we paid the most

sacred regard to the health of our fair customers, founded no less on principles of humanity than self interest, well knowing that the dead call for nothing.

But of late, a new set of operators, unknown to your petitioners, and unheard of by our fathers, have opened their shops directly under our noses, and threaten a speedy dissolution of our separate lives, by destroying those, whom we have ever been very sedulous to preserve.

At the head of this new fangled and odious tribe, is the infamous *Monsieur Rouge Blanc*, a Parisian by birth, whose great grand father's still greater progenitor, was royal cosmetician to the celebrated Jezebel. From a chymical analysis of his diabolical beautifiers, they have been found to contain certain poisonous qualities, which not only ruin the finest complexion, and shrivel up the most delicate features, but in addition, by the absorption of secret noxious miasma, through the olfactory nerves, diffuse themselves gradually amid the almost minutely imperceptible vessels of a once healthy system, and finally produce faintings, hysterick affections, hectic complaints, and death itself. Neither are we led away by illiberal prejudice in our strenuous assertion, that in the course of the past twelve months, we have lost, forever lost, upwards of twenty respectable customers, by the evil arts of this abominable phiz spoiler.

The second, who is no less formidable than the abovementioned genius, appears from minute investigation, to be a *saddler* by profession, who having long been accustomed to make girths for quadrupeds, has at length had the monstrous audacity to *surcingle* the ladies; and by his new invented *leather straps*, which are buckled tighter round the waist than a glove is drawn over the hand, hinders the freedom of respiration, brings



brings on incurable disorders of the intestines, and has actually murdered, by immature consumptions, thirty seven of our well beloved friends.

Upon due consideration of the above premises, we earnestly solicit, that by virtue of your authority, the two aforescribed notorious pests of female society, may be drummed out of your dominions, with a halter round their necks, and your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

*Hairtwitch Frizpate*, Head Dresser.

*Feelmiss Fit'em*, Ladies' Male Habit-maker.

*Dorothy Chipgause*, Milliner.

*Whalebone Spoutshape*, Staybuilder.

*Waxthread Stitchrand*, Cordwain-  
[er.]

*Plaguegum Settooth*, Dentifrical Oper-  
[ator].  
*Savehalf Loosetilk*, Mantuist.

*Reformer's office*, Sept. 20, 1789.

Upon the within petition, *Ordered*, That Monsieur *Rouge Blanc*, and his coadjutor the *Saddler*, be allowed a day of imparlance, to show cause why the prayer thereof should not be granted; and that if they do not surrender themselves within thirty days, they shall forever after bear for their arms, *two beams erect*, one *transverse*, and a *rope pendent*, with themselves (*in propriis suis personibus*) dangling in the air; and those who by a jury of medical inquest, shall hereafter be adjudged as accessories to their own deaths, either by the use of *paints*, or the practice of the *surcingle*, are to be deemed *Felo de ses*.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

# The S P E C U L A T O R. No. I.

THE Speculator feels embarrassed, from a consciousness of his inability to write with that elegance, or propriety, which those correspondents do, whose writings add worth to your magazine, and confer honour on themselves; but whenever any one exerts his abilities, for the good of the community, though it may be but a feeble essay towards refinement in composition, still the mantle of charity should veil his faults, and mankind with a smile of approbation, applaud his virtuous intentions; relying therefore upon the candour of the publick, and at the same time with the greatest diffidence of his abilities, the Speculator now makes his appearance.

If we take a general survey of mankind, trace them from their first origin to the present day, we shall invariably find, that happiness ever has been, and still is, the ruling passion. Nature, ever mindful of her children, wisely implanted that prin-

ciple within their breasts, that the rugged road of adversity, in which we all travel, might be strewed with some of the roses of comfort. The crowned monarch, and the aproned peasant, the lisping infant, and the hoary head, are equally enlisted under the banners of this heaven born Deity; the rude barbarian, whose savage breast pity never melted, pursues the fleeting goddess with the same ardour, as the most refined and enlightened statesman.—But though the object of our wishes centres at the same goal, yet innumerable are the means proposed to obtain the prize.—The golden mean is rarely or never found, although every one obstinately persists in his own course, and tenaciously supposes it to be the only path. Ask a bigotted monk in what earthly happiness consists, and he will tell you to receive absolution for your sins, to cloister yourself sequestered from the world in some lonely convent,

to

to observe the appointed times, and strictly adhere to the ceremonies he shall impose, will afford you the most permanent happiness in this world, and secure your salvation in a future. Apply the same question to a professed debauchee, and he will immediately answer, that without your bottle and your mistress, you may search for pleasure in vain. The ambitious will extend their prospects to a kingdom, sigh for power as the gem of happiness, while their insuperable lust of domination alone, deprives them of the object of their pursuits.—While on the other hand an oppressed peasant, will sigh only for an humble cottage to shelter his distressed family, and a few acres of land, which by the sweat of his brow he may cultivate for their subsistence; give me but these, he cries, and I will spurn a throne with all its tinsel greatness.

Thus different are the wishes and opinions of mankind; how many of them unhappily are erroneous; and how easily may the scrutinizing eye of impartiality discover their errors.—Would the monk relax a little of his superstitious rigour, join in the social circles of life, preserve a gaiety of disposition tempered with wisdom, and sometimes relinquish

his gloomy cell for an agreeable banquet; he would enjoy the sweets of life in a much greater profusion, and equally ensure his happiness in a future state. And would the debauchee reform his conduct; be temperate and virtuous; he might preserve a lively, social conduct; sometimes join in the festive entertainments which this world affords; prolong his life, which dissipation will unavoidably shorten; possess that peace of mind which conscious virtue ever affords, and of which the world could not deprive him, and finally meet his exit with serenity and composure. And would the ambitious be contented to govern themselves only; happy would it be for them, and happy for their country. But as this life is fluctuating and its joys but a transient dream; would we all be contented with nature's bounty, receive prosperity without being too much elated, support adversity with firmness; and above every thing cultivate virtue in our breasts, obey the precepts of wisdom, and never deviate in the least from her strictest rules; then should we taste happiness pure and unallayed from its fountain head, and possess within our breasts a perpetual spring.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## EDWIN'S URN.

A FRAGMENT.

**S**OLITUDE! thou hast lost thy power of charming, said the weeping Emma, as she was bedewing Edwin's urn with the tears of love. No more with pleasure do I sit on the foot of yon oak, and listen to the sweet notes of the feathered choir, as I was wont when Edwin lived. Alas! my Edwin, will you no more lead me to the shady bower, and tune your pipe to Emma's praise? Peace, ye birds! Edwin no more echoes your mellifluous tones in

mild symphonick song. Droop, hang your heads, ye flowrets of the field, no more will ye be plucked by Edwin's hand, to grace his Emma's hair. Sighs, soft as the gentle zephyrs, stole from the fair mourner's heart. Why bursts the intrusive sigh? why falls the unavailing tear? will these recal my Edwin from the tomb? Ah! no! would to Heaven—she paused—yes! it must be—the heaving bosom pants for ease—the streaming eye is filled with peace.—

peace.—Edwin ! shall I leave thee ? It is only for a moment—then shall we meet and part no more.—She arose and sweetly spoke a fond farewell. Mild breath of spring ! fan lightly his grave ! feathered sons of the air ! perch on the weeping willow, and in plaintive strains sing his many virtues. Foot of the passing stranger, rest a while at his tomb. Children of the finer feelings ! give a tributary tear, let it fall on Edwin's urn.—Hush—all is silence—the songster of the vale is mute—the lambkin sports not on the mead—all are hushed to repose.—Though silence, universal pervades ; and solemn stillness rules around ; yet methinks it is the language of eloquence, the praise of my Edwin. No longer can we warble the soft notes of love, no more can we frolick on the

green, whilst Edwin sleeps in the dust, and his Emma is sad.—Stop—Sol shrinks from the embrace of day, and hides his head behind the western hills. I will hasten and seek out some sequestered spot near Edwin's last mansion—at morn, noon and eve, will I visit the sacred abode ; bathe the tomb with my tears ; and oft kiss the garment that shields his remains ; then pensive retire and hide inward grief from the world, a busy, trifling world, unknowing the cause of my woes. Ten solar revolutions have since past away ; the village swains press Emma to love, as she is loved ; tears forbid utterance, she answers them not ; but waving the snow white hand, true as the needle to the pole, it points to her Edwin's urn.

LAVINA.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*You may perhaps aid the cause of humanity, by republishing the following Extracts on the SLAVE TRADE, from Governour Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

Page 96.—“**U**NDER the mild treatment our slaves experience, and their wholesome though coarse food, this blot in our country encreases as fast, or faster, than the whites. During the regal government, we had at once obtained a law, which imposed such a duty on the importation of slaves, as amounted nearly to a prohibition, when one inconsiderate assembly, placed under a peculiarity of circumstance, repealed the law. This repeal met a joyful sanction from the then sovereign, and no devices, no expedients, which could ever after be attempted by subsequent assemblies, and they seldom met without attempting them, could succeed in getting the royal assent to a renewal of the duty. In the very first session held under the republican government, the assembly pas-

sed a law for the perpetual prohibition of the importation of slaves. This will in some measure stop the increase of this great political and moral evil, while the minds of our citizens may be ripening for a complete emancipation of human nature.”

Page 152.—“**T**HAT disposition to theft with which they have been branded, must be ascribed to their situation, and not to any depravity of the moral sense. The man, in whose favour no laws of property exist, probably feels himself less bound to respect those made in favour of others. When arguing for ourselves, we lay it down as a fundamental, that laws to be just, must give a reciprocation of right ; that, without this, they are mere arbitrary rules of conduct, founded in force, and not in conscience : And it is a problem



problem which I give to the master to solve, whether the religious precepts against the violation of property were not framed for him as well as his slave? And whether the slave may not as justifiably take a little from one, who has taken all from him, as he may slay one who would slay him? That a change in the relations in which a man is placed should change his ideas of moral right and wrong, is neither new, nor peculiar to the colour of the blacks. Homer tells us it was so 2600 years ago.

Jove fix'd it certain that whatever day  
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth  
away.

"But the slaves of which Homer speaks were whites. Notwithstanding these considerations, which must weaken their respect for the laws of property, we find among them numerous instances of the most rigid integrity, and as many as among their better instructed masters, of benevolence, gratitude, and unshaken fidelity. The opinion, that they are inferior in the faculties of reason and imagination, must be hazarded with great diffidence. To justify a general conclusion, requires many observations, even where the subject may be submitted to the anatomical knife, to optical glasses, to analysis by fire, or by solvents. How much more then where it is a faculty, not a substance, we are examining; where it eludes the research of all the senses; where the conditions of its existence are various and variously combined; where the effects of those which are present or absent bid defiance to calculation; let me add too, as a circumstance of great tenderness, where our conclusion would degrade a whole race of men from the rank in the scale of beings which their creator may perhaps have given them."

Page 172.—"IT is difficult to determine on the standard by which

the manners of a nation may be tried, whether *catholic* or *particular*. It is more difficult for a native to bring to that standard the manners of his own nation, familiarized to him by habit. There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive either in his philanthropy or his self love, for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to his worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who permitting one half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part, and the *amor patriæ* of the other. For if a slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labour for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavours to the evanishment of  
the

the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry also is destroyed. For in a warm climate, no man will labour for himself who can make another labour for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labour. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? That they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just: That his justice cannot sleep forever: That considering numbers, nature and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune,

an exchange of situation, is among possible events: That it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest. But it is impossible to be temperate and to pursue this subject through the various considerations of policy, of morals, of history, natural and civil. We must be contented to hope they will force their way into every one's mind. I think a change already perceptible, since the origin of the present revolution. The spirit of the master is abating, that of the slave rising from the dust, his condition mollifying, the way I hope preparing, under the auspices of heaven, for a total emancipation, and that this is disposed in the order of events, to be with the consent of the masters, rather than by their extirpation."

## AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY.

### P A R T the F I R S T.

*Of the BEASTS, BIRDS, FISHES, REPTILES, and INSECTS, which are to be found in NORTH AMERICA.*

### Of the B E A S T S.

(Continued from page 400.)

#### *The OTTER.*

**T**HIS creature also is amphibious, and greatly resembles a beaver, but is very different from it in many respects. Its body is nearly as long as a beaver's, but considerably less in all its parts. The muzzle, eyes, and the form of the head are nearly the same, but the teeth are very unlike, for the otter wants the large incisors or nippers that a beaver has; instead of these, all his teeth, without any distinction, are shaped like those of a dog or wolf. The hair also of the former is not half so long as that belonging to the latter, nor is the colour of it exactly the same, for the hair of an otter under the neck, stomach, and belly, is more

greyish than that of a beaver, and in many other respects it likewise varies. This animal, which is met with in most parts of the world, but in much greater numbers in North-america, is very mischievous, and when he is closely pursued, will not only attack dogs but men.

It generally feeds upon fish, especially in the summer, but in the winter is contented with the bark of trees, or the produce of the fields. Its flesh both tastes and smells of fish, and is not wholesome food, though it is sometimes eaten through necessity.

#### *The MINK.*

The Mink is of the otter kind, and subsists in the same manner,  
In

In shape and size it resembles a pole cat, being equally long and slender. Its skin is blacker than that of an otter, or almost any other creature; "as black as a mink," being a proverbial expression in America; it is not however so valuable, though this greatly depends on the season in

which it is taken. Its tail is round like that of a snake, but growing flattish towards the end, and is entirely without hair. An agreeable musky scent exhales from its body; and it is met with near the sources of rivers, on whose banks it chiefly lives.

[*To be continued.*]

## ANECDOTES OF MULLER, the RUSSIAN HISTORIAN.

From COXE's Travels into Russia, anno 1778.

"PRINCE Volkonski (the governor of Moscow) was not content with admitting us to his table without ceremony, he was anxious that we should be gratified with the sight of every remarkable object at Moscow; and as we were extremely desirous to become acquainted with Mr. Muller, the celebrated historian of this country, he one day invited that respectable old gentleman to meet us at dinner.

"Gerard Frederick Muller, a native of Germany, was born in 1705, at Herforden, in the circle of Westphalia. He came into Russia during the reign of Catharine I; and was not long afterwards admitted into the imperial academy of sciences, of which society he is one of the most ancient members. In 1731, soon after the accession of the empress Anne, he commenced, at the expense of the crown, his travels over European Russia, and into the extreme parts of Siberia. He was absent several years upon this expedition; and did not return to Petersburg until the reign of Elizabeth. The present empress, an able judge and rewarder of merit, conferred upon him a very ample salary, and appointed him counsellor of state and keeper of the archives at Moscow, where he has resided about sixteen years. He collected, during his travels, the most ample materials for the history and geography of this extensive empire, which was scarcely known to the Russians

themselves, before his valuable researches were given to the world in various publications. His principal work is a collection of Russian histories, in nine volumes octavo, printed at different intervals, at the press of the imperial academy of sciences. The first part came out in 1739, and the last made its appearance in 1764. This storehouse of information and literature, in regard to the antiquity, history, geography, and commerce of Russia, and many of the neighbouring countries, conveys the most indisputable proofs of the author's learning, diligence and fidelity. To this work, the accurate and indefatigable writer has successively added many other valuable performances upon similar subjects, both in the German and Russian languages, which elucidate various parts in the history of this empire.

"Mr. Muller speaks and writes the German, Russian, Latin and French tongues with surprising fluency, and reads the English, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and Greek, with great facility. His memory is still more surprising, and his accurate acquaintance with the minutest incidents of the Russian annals, almost surpasses belief.

"At the conclusion of the dinner at Prince Volkonski's, I had the pleasure of accompanying this eminent historian to his house, and passed some hours in his library. He possesses most of the books in different languages



languages of modern Europe, which treat of Russia; the English writers who have written upon this country, are far more numerous than I could have imagined. His collection of state papers and manuscripts are invaluable; they are all arranged in the exactest order, and classed into several volumes, distinguished by the names of those illustrious personages, to whom they principally relate; such as Peter I. Catharine I. Menzikoff, Osterman, &c.

"Every lover of literature must regret, that Mr. Muller, who is admirably qualified for the task, has not favoured the publick with a regular unbroken history of this country; but on account of his advanced age, an undertaking of this kind, although the materials are already prepared, cannot be expected from him; he must therefore consign to others the use of those papers which he has so diligently accumulated. He will, however, always be considered as the great father of Russian history, as well from the excellent specimens he himself has produced, as from the vast fund of

information which he bequeaths to future historians.

"Mr. Muller obligingly accompanied us to the place where the publick archives are deposited; which is a strong brick building, containing several vaulted apartments with iron floors. These archives, consisting of a numerous collection of state papers, were crowded into boxes, and thrown aside like common lumber, till the present empress ordered them to be revised and arranged. In conformity to this mandate, Mr. Muller has disposed them in chronological order with such perfect regularity, that any single document may be inspected with little trouble. They are inclosed in separate cabinets with glass doors; those relative to Russia are all classed according to the several provinces which they concern; and over each cabinet is inscribed, the name of the province to which it is appropriated. In the same manner the manuscripts relative to foreign kingdoms, are placed in separate divisions, under the respective titles of Poland, Sweden, England, France, Germany, &c."

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### HISTORICAL ANECDOTE of PETER the GREAT, of RUSSIA, and PRINCE GALITZIN.

**I**N 1702, Peter advanced to the frontiers of Sweden with a considerable army; and having made several ineffectual attempts against Nateburg, he sent Prince Galitzin, Colonel of the guards, at the head of a select corps, to take it by storm. That officer having by means of rafts landed his soldiers close to the fortifications, which advance almost to the edge of the water, they were received with such cool intrepidity by the garrison, and exposed to so dreadful a carnage, that Peter, conceiving the assault to be impracticable, sent immediate orders for

September, 1789.

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the Russians to retire. Prince Galitzin, however, refused to obey, "Tell my sovereign (said he) that I am no longer his subject; having put myself under the protection of a power superiour to him." Then turning to his troops, he animated them by his voice and example, and leading them to the attack, scaled the walls and took the fortress.—Peter was so much struck with this exploit, that upon his next interview with Galitzin, he said to him, "Ask what you will, except Moscow and Catharine." The Prince, with a magnanimity which reflects the

the highest honour upon his character, instantly requested the pardon of his ancient rival Prince Repnin, who had been degraded by Peter, from the rank of Marshal to that of a common soldier. He obtained his request, and with it the confi-

dence of his sovereign, the esteem of Repnin, and the applause of the publick.

I received this anecdote from one of the descendants of Prince Galitzin, and its truth was confirmed by many Russian noblemen. *Cont.*

### A curious Account of the sublime and beautiful Appearances of the AURORA BOREALIS, in the Northern Latitudes.

**A**BOUT the solstice, in the islands of Shetland, which lie between lat. 60 to 61, are seen every night the Aurora Borealis, or, as they are called by the natives, the Merry Dancers, which spread a broad glaring appearance over the whole northern hemisphere.

They are the constant attendants of the clear evenings in all these northern islands, and prove great reliefs amidst the gloom of the long winter nights. They commonly appear at twilight near the horizon; of a dun colour, approaching to yellow: Sometimes continuing in that state for several hours without any sensible motion; after which they break out into streams of stronger light, spreading into columns, and altering slowly into ten thousand different shapes, varying their colours from all the tints of yellow to the obscurest russet. They often cover the whole hemisphere, and then make the most brilliant appearance. Their motions at these times are most amazingly quick; and they astonish the spectator with the rapid change of their form. They break out in places where none were seen before, skimming briskly along the heavens; are suddenly extinguished, and leave behind an uniform dusky tract. This again is brilliantly illuminated in the same manner, and as suddenly left a dull blank. In certain nights they assume the appearance of vast columns, on one

side of the deepest yellow, on the other declining away till it becomes undistinguished from the sky. They have generally a strong tremulous motion from end to end, which continues till the whole vanishes. In a word, we, who only see the extremities of these northern phenomena, have but a faint idea of their splendour and their motions. According to the state of the atmosphere they differ in colour. They often put on the colour of blood, and make a most dreadful appearance. The rustick sages become prophetick, and terrify the gazing spectators with the dread of war, pestilence, and famine. This superstition was not peculiar to the northern islands; nor are these appearances of recent date. The ancients called them Chasmata; and Trabes, and Bolides, according to their forms or colours. In old times they were extremely rare, and on that account were the more taken notice of. From the days of Plutarch to those of our sage historian Sir Richard Baker, they were supposed to have been portentous of great events: And timid imagination shaped them into aerial conflicts.

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds  
In ranks & squadrons and right form of war.  
After, I suppose, a very long intermission, they appeared with great brilliancy in England, on March 6th, 1715-16. The philosophers paid a proper attention. The vulgar

gar considered them as marking the introduction of a foreign race of princes. The novelty is now ceased, and their cause perhaps properly attributed to the greater abundance of electrical matter.

In the Icy Sea, on the Siberian coasts, the Aurora Borealis is as common as in Europe, and usually exhibits similar variations: One species regularly appears between the north-east and east, like a luminous rainbow, with numbers of columns of light radiating from it: Beneath the arch is a darkness, through which the stars appear with some brilliancy. This species is thought by the natives to be a forerunner of storms. There is another kind, which begins with certain insulated rays from the north and others from the north-east. They augment little by little, till they fill the whole sky, and form a splendour of colours rich as gold, rubies, and emeralds: But the attendant phenomena strike the beholders with horror, for they crackle, sparkle, hiss, make a whistling sound, and a noise even equal to ar-

tificial fire works. The idea of an electrical cause is so strongly impressed by this description, that there can remain no doubt of the origin of these appearances. The inhabitants say, on this occasion, it is a troop of men furiously mad which are passing by. Every animal is struck with terror; even the dogs of the hunters are seized with such dread, that they will fall on the ground and become immoveable till the cause is over.

In the dreary regions of Hudson's Bay also, during winter, the firmament is not without its beauties. Mock suns and halos are not unfrequent; are very bright, and richly tinged with all the colours of the rainbow. The sun rises and sets with a large cone of yellowish light. The night is enlivened with the Aurora Borealis, which spreads a thousand different lights and colours over the whole concave of the sky, not to be defaced even by the splendour of the full moon; and the stars are of a fiery redness.

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#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*At a time when the Marquis de la FAYETTE is acting so conspicuous a part, as assertor and protector of the Liberties and Rights of his Countrymen, the following sketch of his Character, during his service in the American Army, cannot be unentertaining; you are therefore requested to publish it. It is taken from Mr. MORSE's American Geography.*

#### MEMOIRS of the MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

**T**HE enthusiastick zeal and great services of the Marquis de la Fayette, merit a particular detail. At the age of nineteen he espoused the cause of America, with all the ardour which the most generous philanthropy could inspire. At a very early period of the war, he determined to embark from his native country, for the United States. Before he could complete his intention, intelligence

arrived in Europe, that the American insurgents, reduced to two thousand men, were flying through Jersey before a British force of thirty thousand regulars. This news so effectually extinguished the little credit which America had in Europe, in the beginning of the year 1777, that the commissioners of Congress at Paris, though they had previously encouraged his project, could not



not procure a vessel to forward his intentions. Under these circumstances they thought it but honest to dissuade him from the present prosecution of his perilous enterprise. It was in vain they acted so candid a part. The flame which America had kindled in his breast, could not be extinguished by her misfortunes. 'Hitherto,' said he, in the true spirit of patriotism, 'I have only cherished your cause—now I am going to serve it. The lower it is in the opinion of the people, the greater will be the effect of my departure; and since you cannot get a vessel, I shall purchase and fit out one to carry your dispatches to Congress and myself to America.' He accordingly embarked and arrived in Charleston early in the year 1777. Congress soon conferred on him the rank of major-general. He accepted the appointment, but not without exacting two conditions, which displayed the elevation of his spirit: The one, that he should serve on his own expense; the other, that he should begin his services as a volunteer.

He was soon appointed to command an expedition to Canada. The plan was to cross the lakes on the ice; the object, to seize Montreal and St. Johns. He was now at the age of twenty, and must have keenly experienced the allurements of independent command; but his cool judgment, and honest heart, restrained him from indulging a passion for military fame, under circumstances that might have injured the cause which he had so zealously espoused. He found, that in case of his proceeding, the army under his command would be in danger of experiencing a fate similar to that of the unfortunate Burgoyne. With a boldness of judgment that would have done honour to the most experienced general, and without advancing beyond Albany, he relinquished the expedition. Soon after

he received the thanks of Congress for his prudence.

In the four campaigns which succeeded the arrival of the Marquis de la Fayette in America, he gave repeated proofs of his military talents in the middle and eastern states; but the events that took place under his command in Virginia, deserve particular notice.

Early in the year 1781, while the war raged to the southward of Virginia, the Marquis de la Fayette was detached on an expedition against Portsmouth; but here his active zeal received a check, no less fatal to his hopes than when he was obliged to relinquish the expedition to Canada. The engagement near the capes of the Chesapeake, between the French chief d'escadre d'Estouches, and the British Admiral Arbuthnot, which took place on the fifth of March, 1781, defeated the enterprise. Upon this event he marched back to the Head of Elk, where he received an order from General Washington to return to Virginia, to oppose General Philips, who had joined General Arnold at Portsmouth.—Although the troops under his command were in want of almost every thing, he nevertheless proceeded with them to Baltimore. Here he learned that General Philips was urging preparations to embark at Portsmouth, with upwards of three thousand men. With the Marquis de la Fayette it was a moment of extreme distress and embarrassment. In his whole command there was not a pair of shoes; but the love and confidence he had universally excited, enabled him to obtain a loan of money which procured him some necessaries for his troops, and gave renewed vigour to his march. He supposed Richmond to be the object of General Philips, and therefore marched thither with so great expedition, that he arrived at that place the evening before General Philips.

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He was joined the first night after his arrival by Majorgeneral Baron Steuben, with a corps of militia. In this manner was the capital of Virginia, at that time filled with almost all the military stores of the state, saved from the most imminent danger. The British appeared the next morning at Manchester, just opposite to Richmond. The two armies surveyed each other for some time, and then General Philips, apprehending it to be too hazardous to attack the Marquis de la Fayette in his strong position, very prudently retired.

Such was the great superiority of numbers by the combination of the forces under General Arnold, General Philips, and Lord Cornwallis—so fatal to all the southern states would have been the conquest of Virginia, that the Marquis de la Fayette had before him a labour of the last consequence, and was pressed on all sides by innumerable difficulties.

In the first moments of the rising tempest, and until he could provide against its utmost rage, he began to retire with his little army, which consisted of about a thousand regulars, two thousand militia, and sixty dragoons. Lord Cornwallis, exulting in the prospect of success, which he thought to be heightened by the youth of his opponent, incautiously wrote to Great Britain, "that the boy could not escape him." The engagement, however, which was to confirm his promise, was sedulously avoided. Finding it impossible to force an action, he next endeavoured to cut off the communication of the Marquis de la Fayette with General Wayne, who, with eight hundred Pennsylvanians, was advancing from the northward. The junction however, was effected at Rackoon Ford without loss. The next object of Lord Cornwallis, was to get possession of the American stores,

which, for their greater security, had been removed from Richmond to Albemarle old courthouse, above the Point of Fork. While the troops commanded by the Marquis de la Fayette and General Wayne were forming a junction, Lord Cornwallis had gotten between them and their publick stores. The possession of these was a principal object with both armies. The Marquis de la Fayette, by forced marches, got within a few miles of the British army, when they were yet distant two days march from Albemarle old courthouse. Once more the British General considered himself sure of his adversary. To save the stores he knew was his design, but to accomplish that object, his lordship saw no practical way but by a road, in passing which, the American army might be attacked to great advantage. It was a critical moment, but the Marquis de la Fayette had the good fortune to extricate himself. He opened in the night, by part of his army, a nearer road to Albemarle, which, having been many years disused, was much embarrassed, and, to the astonishment of Lord Cornwallis, posted himself in a strong position the next day between the British army and the American stores.

His lordship, finding all his schemes frustrated, fell back to Richmond, whither he was followed by the Marquis de la Fayette. The main American army in Virginia was now reinforced by the troops under Majorgeneral Baron Steuben, and by volunteer corps of Virginia and Maryland gentlemen. And the Marquis de la Fayette had the address to impress Lord Cornwallis with an idea, that his force was much greater than he actually commanded. His lordship, therefore, retreated to Williamsburg.

After a series of manœuvres, which it is not necessary to relate, and in which

which the British General displayed the boldness of enterprize, and the young Marquis the sound judgment of age, blended with the ardour of youth, the former fixed himself and his army in Yorktown. The latter, under various pretences, sent the Pennsylvania troops to the south side of James river; collected a force in Gloucester county, and made sundry arrangements subservient to the grand design of the whole campaign, which was the capture of Lord

Cornwallis, and the British army under his command.

Sometime after the capture of Lord Cornwallis, the Marquis de la Fayette went to France, where he successfully used his endeavours to promote the commercial and political interest of these states.

Pennsylvania, in order to show her esteem for this gallant nobleman, has lately created part of her western territory into a separate county, and named it FAYETTE.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## The GENERAL OBSERVER. No. IX.

----- *Dives qui fieri vult,  
Et cito vult fieri.*

Juv.

"The lust of wealth can never bear delay."

**O**PULENCE and Indigence are the two great beacons which guide all navigators, on the mercenary swell of loss and gain. To these despots all mankind bow the knee of acknowledgement and dependence. They all, with the avidity of Avarice, servilely comply with their mandates, and are all engaged to avoid the one and attain the other. Wealth spreads her fascinating standard on the firm shore of ease and independence. Poverty erects her gloomy *caveat* and issues her threatening groans from the wrecks of Distress and Despair. The ocean is more or less rough and invincible, as fortune has armed the navigator with a greater or less share of her composing smiles.—Various are the vessels used in this voyage; some use the open, and too often unsuccessful bark of honesty, generosity and candour; these toil through a slow and tedious progress, the sport of every wave of occurrence.—Others, clothed in the *diving bell* of secrecy and disguise, uninterrupted by the waves on the top, make a rapid progress, and arrive, unsuspected, on the peaceful shore. Industry appears as necessary to the

dark meanderings of the disguised knave, as to the plain sailing of the honest man: But as the hope of success is the air by which assiduity is cherished and supported, the open fair dealer is more industrious than the amphibious knave, because he has the inviting standard constantly unfurled to his expectations; whereas the submerged villain, incumbered, enclosed and blinded by the fear of detection, has but an uncertain, fortuitous progress, and is impelled principally by the sullen, dispiriting influence of rashness and despair.—Here a pleasing struggle is afforded to the view of his sportive fancy, who is anchored on the shore of indifference.—Here honesty and villainy vie in industry. On this stage, the noon day merchant and the midnight ruffian are rival actors.—Here a distant *farthing* enlivens and invigorates a world for the struggle. Decrepit age and nervous youth here emulate each other in activity. Opinion and character are suspended on the issue, and as soon as fortune, or any other meddling umpire, has declared the victory, we find a mercenary world readily calculating, from success as the



the *datum*, the victor's greatness, goodness, honesty and reputation. Now every man, in the view of a mercenary set of disappointed competitors, is more or less virtuous or vicious, is the object of general applause or censure, is the greatest statesman, the greatest philosopher, the greatest knave, or the greatest fool, as he has been more or less successful in the general enterprise. Covetous servility dethrones rational independence, and the love of money arises from the general homage which the manners of men pay to the usurper.—From this source springs a greater variety of effects than from any other principle influencing human nature, and though, to fathom its origin, to date its birth, or to mark its progress in society, is a research too deep for the *Observer*; yet if we revert, but for a moment, to the first principles of commerce, I think we may faintly conjecture the parentage of this powerful passion.—Few were the wants of naked nature; but when she began to clothe herself in refinement and establish society, the wants of individuals increased with civilization, and soon outgrew their capacity to supply them. The man, who once with a small apparatus of agriculture and hunting, could satisfy his every wish, now found his mind expanded, by refinement, for the reception of new wants; gradually luxury, garbed and disguised in arts and civilization, crept in, and wants thus increasing, it was found neces-

sary to establish commerce and exchange, and by a friendly mixture of redundancies to prepare a cup for the general happiness of mankind; but as it often happened that one man's redundancy did not exactly square with another's convenience, it has ever been found necessary to establish a generally received equivalent of a fixed uniform value; whoever possesses the greatest share of this medium, has it in his power to gratify his own wishes with the greatest ease, and to enable others to do the same. The rich man, of course, is thronged with his dependents, and has a proportionate influence and power. The love of power, therefore, and the love of money, being twin passions, came into the possession of the inclinations of men, as coheirs. This passion, like those which are most beneficial, in a vicious soil, has its injurious effects. In a desperate mind, it begets frauds, perjuries, and the blackest crimes; but in a virtuous mind, it stimulates to honesty, industry, economy and the practice of every social virtue. I think, then, it may safely, and with propriety, be inferred, that though this passion, when cherished by vicious minds, and measured only by the illimitable views of avarice, is pernicious and dangerous; yet, that when moderated and governed by reason, it is useful, and ought to be studiously encouraged; and that, for the interest of society, the opposite indifference ought to be as carefully avoided.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

P H I L O. No. I.

NATURE, with the well balanced affections of an impartial parent, has been equally attentive to all her children. Her sons she has distinguished by the strong features of corporal ruggedness, her

daughters by the delicate touches of personal beauty. By a superiority of constitutional firmness, she evidently designed us to be the guardians and protectors of our defenceless sisters, to shelter their feeble barks from

from the storms and tempests which continually agitate and foment the billowy ocean of life. But because we were indulged with *this partial* prerogative for *this noble purpose*, have we reason to stile ourselves *sole Lords* of the universe, and usurp over them the cruel ascendancy of tyrants? Is it any imperfection in the dove that she does not possess the strength of the eagle, or the lamb that he cannot assume the *muscular robustness* of the lion? It is no less true that the same difference may be observed in the mechanism and operation of our minds; we undoubtedly possess the same passions and inclinations, but they operate differently, and produce different effects. It is *our province* to cultivate the more laborious improvements of the mind, to investigate the secret causes of things, to travel over the rough uneven road of philosophical investigation. Our *mental powers* appear to be particularly adapted to this purpose, they are composed of a *finer texture*, more capable of bearing the fatigue of this tedious, tiresome journey, without any injury from the perseverance of exercise, or intensity of application. Here too we shall find that nature has preserved the same *equipoise* in her works; though our *judgment* may be more acute, our *patience* more capable of trudging on through the barren tracts of science and philosophy, yet in the variegated fields of fancy and imagination *they* can boast the same advantage over *us*. Every thing appears barren, gloomy, and uninteresting, while the *minute flower* contains within itself a *little world* of curiosities for *their* admiration. In these *airy regions* of elevated conception and refined sentiment, we may *enviably* admire, but can never reach them; nor is there a single idea which the exuberance of fancy may suggest beyond their power of expression. We are perhaps indulged

with greater qualifications for *virtue*, and more frequent opportunities for the exercise of them, but to our dishonour we sink ourselves below them in every species of *vice*. The pages of ancient story are indeed infinitely more ornamented with the virtues; and we must own are likewise infinitely more darkened with the vices of *our* ancestors than *theirs*. Whereever we have viewed the fair *heroines*, we have admired their improvement of virtue. The Spartan dames, the Roman ladies, do honour to the female character. A *Portia*, a *Cornelia*, will be ever remembered, and though a *Messalina*, unfated in her pollutions—a *Clytemnestra*, bathed in her husband's blood—a *Tullia*, whirling her chariot over her father's breathless corpse—may im-bitter the remembrance, we ought rather to lament the misfortune of misguided youth, than to sigh at their general depravity. They may represent a *dark shade* upon their character, but the *disk* upon the sun can never *totally* obscure the lustre. We may *possess* all the social virtues and tender passions, but we certainly cannot feel or express them with their warmth and animation. It is an observation that *they* possess all the *elegance*, we only the *parade* of friendship. We must frankly acknowledge, that in all *our* attachments and friendly combinations, there is a kind of *formal reserve* which makes them contemptible; we are continually on our guard, and either feel afraid or not disposed to unveil the heart. They on the other hand are all openness and candour; the moment the tie commences, like *air with air*, they join in inseparable union. They have a *sensibility* which is ever restless, and can never feel satisfied without some object of distress to give it vent. It can pry into the secret caverns and *there* feast in luxury with the haggard sons of poverty and

and wretchedness; if we are ever called to visit such scenes, our *dull stoical* compassion is never awakened unless the picture is drawn in the *liveliest colours*; even then we incline to stifle rather than cherish the tender sympathy. In the exercise of all the milder passions, as well as every power of the mind, we must yield them the palm. It is, however, their misfortune to be denied the many advantages of education we enjoy; the contrast (on comparison of the few with which they are indulged) ought to raise a *conscious blush* of our own inferiority. They are generally bred up in a narrow servile manner of thinking, and are made to believe that their principal

objects are to ornament their persons and improve their fortunes. This *ignoble* manner either stifles or perverts their *mental* activity and attaches them to the improvement of external accomplishments, rather than of their understandings. In this dangerous situation, cast upon the *wide world*, with no other barriers against temptation than their native innocence and integrity of heart, and yet so few in comparison with the whole ensnared and corrupted, we must own that their *natural* make is more virtuous than *ours*, and that if they enjoyed the same advantages, they would excel us as much in *mental* as they now do in *personal* charms.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A M E L I A : Or, The SENTIMENTAL FAIR.

ALAS! said the lovely Amelia, throwing herself on the couch, after being fatigued at an assembly; alas! repeated the fair sentimentalist; is this what the generality of mankind call happiness? Mistaken mortals! Two years have I bowed before dissipation's shrine, and two years has not this foolish heart lain still. Peace, peace, thou throbbing, sighing heart! soon will I give thee ease; yes! tomorrow will I quit this noisy and tumultuous city, and bid adieu to frolick—a long adieu; in some lone vale, far from the haunts of gaiety, will I seek that content which has been a stranger to my bosom. Amelia rose with the lark, ordered her carriage—adieu, she cried, Newyork adieu!—Thou pantheon, no more will I trust myself within thy alluring doors—balls, concerts, and assemblies, I bid you all a last farewell. Thus saying, she stepped into her chariot, and drove to Elmira's, a female friend, who oft had solicited Amelia's company in her retreat. The meeting was ten-

September, 1789.

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der; Elmira was happy, so was Amelia. In this sweet spot, which nature assisted by art, had combined to render another Eden, resided the amiable Henry—all the powers of elegant, of soft persuasion, were his; he saw Amelia, he loved her—but was withheld by bashful modesty, from telling her the tender tale. At length an opportunity offered; Henry was taking a pensive walk—not afar off, he beheld the mistress of his heart.

In her hand, the lute of voice melodious,  
Thro' the trees low murmuring wav'd;  
And on her lips the graces dropp'd ambrosia.

Her lute, her voice, tuned his gentle soul to harmony; he approached her—Henry sighed; Amelia gave the mild response—ambrosial gales received the breath of love, and wasted it to congenial bosoms, from whence sighs escaped no more, except a sudden burst momentous of another's woe. Henry told her his artless story. She heard with blushing cheeks, and gave the lilly hand—her heart he already had. He was

ecstasy



ecstasy itself for the invaluable blessing; and after a short time received it again, with the sanctioned benedictions of the altar. Happy, thrice happy!

*May Syren's never charm your hallow'd steps  
From nature's open court to stray.*

Henry, with his Amelia, retired to a romantick part of the country, and not one sigh does the fair partner of domestick joy heave after the town and its dull pleasures. She prelibates the bliss of paradise; this, this is heaven begun on earth.

Perhaps the following elegant lines may convey some idea of their happiness, and the raptures of conjugal felicity:—Around the smiling swain, are ranged a happy family; his wife, fair as the rose, when

first the blushing spring sprinkles the balmy leaf with moistening dew, sat near him, decked in the rural robe of native elegance; she scorned the wanton drefs of luxury high pampered; her simple garb improved what modest nature lent, and heightened graceful charms; smiling on her knee, an infant played, and laughed at the gay warblers singing on aerial boughs; pleased, he joins the strain responsive, and in his little notes salutes the feathered strangers; both parents clasp the prattler to their breast by turns, they melt away in raptures of supernal bliss, and elder branches of the tree parental, sport around their fire, or quaff maternal smiles.

L A V I N A.

## AMERICAN NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

[Continued from page 417.]

**T**HE *Natural Bridge*, in Virginia, is the most sublime of nature's works. It is on the ascent of a hill, which seems to have been cloven through its length by some great convulsion. The fissure, just at the bridge, is, by some admeasurements, 270 feet deep, by others only 205. It is about 45 feet wide at the bottom, and 90 feet, at the top; this of course determines the length of the bridge, and its height from the water. Its breadth in the middle is about 60 feet, but more at the ends, and the thickness of the mass at the summit of the arch, about 40 feet. A part of this thickness is constituted by a coat of earth, which gives growth to many large trees. The residue, with the hill on both sides, is one solid rock of lime stone. The arch approaches the semielliptical form; but the larger axis of the ellipsis, which would be the cord of the arch, is many times longer than the transverse. Though the sides of this bridge are provided in some parts with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet

few men have resolution to walk to them and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet and peep over it. Looking down from this height about a minute, gave me a violent head ach. If the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below, is delightful in an equal extreme. It is impossible for the emotions arising from the sublime, to be felt beyond what they are here: So beautiful an arch, so elevated, so light, and springing as it were up to Heaven, the rapture of the spectator is really indescribable! The fissure continuing narrow, deep, and strait for a considerable distance above and below the bridge, opens a short but very pleasing view of the North mountain on one side, and Blue Ridge on the other, at the distance each of them of about five miles. This bridge is in the county of Rockbridge, to which it has given name, and affords a publick and commodious passage over a valley, which cannot be crossed elsewhere  
for

for a considerable distance. The stream passing under it is called Cedar creek. It is a water of James river, and sufficient in the driest seasons to turn a gristmill, though its fountain is not more than two

miles above.\* There is a natural bridge, similar to the one above described, over Stock creek, a branch of Peleson river, in Washington county.

[To be continued.]

\* Don Ulloa mentions a break, similar to this, in the province of Angaraez, in South-america. It is from 16 to 22 feet wide, 111 deep, and of one mile and three quarters continuance, English measure. Its breadth at top is not sensibly greater than at bottom.

## *Answers to MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE,  
GENTLEMEN,

*Observing in your Magazines of March and June, several MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS, which have not yet been answered, I send you the following, which if you like, please to insert.* X.

### QUESTION I.

**I**F the two bodies A. and B. are of equal gravity, their momenta will be equal, at the ground.

### QUESTION II.

ASSUMING the value of the other terms in the two equations, as we please,  $a$  and  $e$  are easily found; but to solve the two equations algebraically, which must be the intent of the question, it requires the solution of the following single *adjected* quadratick equation,  $eeee-eee+ee+e=0$ , with complicated coefficients to each of the powers of  $e$ . The process too lengthy to be delineated in a Magazine.

### QUESTION III.

IS not sufficiently definite to be understood. The letter  $m$  repre-

sents any power of a given quantity; at least I do not remember to have seen it used any other way.

### QUESTION IV.

THE length of the vine is 250 feet  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

### QUESTION V.

THE smallest number that will do is 1471.

### QUESTION VI.

THIS question is best answered by decimal numbers; thus, 1, 2 and 6; though many others will do.

### QUESTION VII.

The same as Question III.

### QUESTION VIII.

In decimal numbers, as near as is necessary, it may be answered by 1,73405 and 57735.

## *Account of the MARRIAGE of TWO DWARFS.*

[From the Memoirs of PETER HENRY BRUCE, Esq.]

**T**HE princess Natalia, only sister to the Czar, by the same mother, ordered preparations to be made for a grand wedding of two of her dwarfs, who were to be married; on which occasion several small coaches were made, and little Shetland horses provided to draw them; and all the dwarfs in the kingdom were summoned to celebrate the nuptials, to

the number of ninety three. They went in a grand procession through all the streets of Moscow, preceded by a large open waggon, drawn by six horses, with kettle drums, trumpets, French horns, and hautboys; then followed the marshal and his attendants, two and two, on horseback; then the bridegroom and bride, in a coach and six, attended by

by their bride man and maid, who sat in the coach before them. They were followed by fifteen small coaches, each drawn by six Shetland horses, and each containing four dwarfs.

It was somewhat surprising to see such a number of little creatures in one company together; especially as they were furnished with an equipage suitable to their stature. Two troops of dragoons attended the procession to keep off the mob, and many persons of fashion were invited to the wedding, who attended in their coaches to the church, where the small couple were married; from thence the procession returned in order to the princess's palace, where a grand entertainment was prepared for the com-

pany. Two long tables were covered on each side of a long hall, where the company of dwarfs dined together. The princess with her two nieces, princess Ann, and Elizabeth, the czar's daughters, were at the trouble themselves to see them all seated, and well attended, before they sat down to their own table.

At night the princesses, attended by the nobility, conducted the new married couple to bed, in great state; after that ceremony the dwarf company had a large room allotted them, to make merry among themselves; the entertainment concluded with a ball, which lasted until day light. The company which attended the princess upon this occasion were so numerous, that they filled several rooms.

## The B O U Q U E T.

**L**OUIS XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. "I shall soon put him to the test," said the king; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and go in: The other bowed and obeyed. The king said, "the world is in the right in the character it gives: Another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

**A** PERSON reading a paragraph in the papers, that a large piece of land had been washed away by an inundation, but that the account was not fully confirmed; was stopped short by a gentleman, who observed "that if it was even true, there was no ground for the report."

**C**HASTEL, a disciple of the Jesuits, attempting to assassinate Henry IV. missed of the fatal aim, and only wounded the Monarch in his mouth. Well (said the amiable King) I have often heard from the mouth of others that the Jesuits were my enemies, I am now convinced of it by my own.

**F**OOTE was invited to a convivial meeting, where he met with Lord Sandwich. When the Comedian entered, the Peer exclaimed, what! are you alive still? Yes my Lord, replied Foote. Pray Sam, retorted his Lordship, which do you think will

happen to you first, the experience of a certain disease, or an acquaintance with the gallows? Why, rejoined the Actor, that depends upon circumstances, and they are these, *Whether I embrace your Lordship's mistress, or your principles.*

### Curious ADVERTISEMENT.

**N**UMEROUS as matrimonial advertisements have been in the London newspapers, we believe a more singular one never met the eye than the following, extracted from an evening paper of March last:—Advertisement for a wife.—"Sir John Dinely, Baronet, of Charleton, near Worcester, and of Henly Castle, near Malvern Wells, engages to execute a marriage settlement of 192,000*l.* value on any lady of three hundred guineas fortune, who will accept of Sir John for her husband, although such lady should be with child by her former husband. Sufficient satisfaction may be had, by seeing Sir John, who is a Guild Brother in Stirling, Scotland, or by directing letters there, post paid, for his printed marriage offers."

### B O N M O T.

**A**S Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,  
And face to face the noisy contest wage,  
"Don't cock your chin at me," Dick smartly cries;  
"Fear not, his head's not charg'd," a friend replies.

SEAT





## SEAT of the MUSES.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

PHILANDER.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

*Written in May.*

The following design was conceived from an idea of the ancients, who supposed the ghosts of the deceased remained during a course of time in a kind of intermediate state, called the Elysium Fields, where they were gratified and consoled, by the obsequies and libations they received.

**T**O soothe my lost Philander's shade  
Be every fond libation paid !  
And every praise his life could boast  
Console his love attended ghost !  
Each gift that liberal nature yields,  
The fair expanse, the embroider'd fields,  
Had lent his lovely mind a grace,  
And form'd a charm to deck his face ;  
But not a flower that paints the mead  
With equal sweetness lifts its head.

*Let every praise his life could boast  
Console the love attended ghost !*

His form, the chestnut's beauteous height,  
His mind, the sun's benignant light ;  
His brow, the lily's polish'd hue,  
His eyes, the heaven's celestial blue ;  
His lips, the rosebud's opening bloom,  
His breath, the jess'min's soft perfume ;  
His heart, the myrtle's constant charm,  
As autumn free, as summer warm ;  
His voice that sooth'd the ear of grief  
Soft as the zephyr's balmy breath.

*May every praise his life could boast  
Console his love attended ghost !*

While o'er the sod fresh roses bloom,  
And bending snowdrops grace the tomb ;  
While weeping willows spread their shade,  
And kiss the earth where he is laid ;  
No other love shall joy impart,  
Or charm this grief devoted heart.  
Bright as his living beauties glow'd,  
Sweet as his honied accents flow'd,  
The fragrant spring glides o'er the lee,  
Yet pensive sorrow dwells with me !  
When glimmering stars illumine the skies,  
When fair aurora's blushes rise,  
When sol extends his golden rays,  
I'll soothe the gentle ghost with praise.

CONSTANTIA.

\* "In the evening, the morning, and all the day long, will I praise thee."

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

DEATH, the DESTROYER.

A FRAGMENT.

**C**HILD of the dust ! from whence art thou ?  
Why glooms that cloud athwart thy brow ?  
Why heaves the breast with heart felt sighs ?  
Or whence those tears that drown thine eyes ?

*Alas ! at early morn I've seen,  
The blushing rose with leaf of green,  
Its beauteous form to fight dispense,  
And waft perfumes regaling sense ;  
Whilst brilliant flowrets side by side,  
Have wanton'd in luxuriant pride ;  
And burst upon the wond'ring view,  
In the bright rainbow's varied hue ;  
Or pour'd Arabia's balmy breath  
O'er mossy hill, and tufted heath ;*

*At eve I look'd—the stalks were dead,  
The fading tints of grace were fled ;  
Their garments dipp'd in ether's dye,  
No longer charm'd the gazer's eye ;  
But rudely scatter'd here and there,  
No more the rural maiden's care,  
They slept unnoticed round the plain,  
Nor Laura gather'd them again.*

*Alas ! at early morn I've seen,  
A stately tree adorn the green ;  
As the proud column rais'd sublime,  
Its trunk disdain'd the storms of time ;  
Strong roots diffuse—extended far,  
Its summit top'd the neighb'ring star ;  
On high it rear'd the reverend head,  
Around the mighty branches spread ;  
Its shadow cast a pleasant shade,  
And cool'd the sun beams as they play'd ;  
At eve I look'd—by winds upborne,  
The boughs were rent, the branches torn ;  
Fierce eastern gales, which swept around,  
Had thrown its trunk across the ground ;  
The woodman's axe with pond'rous stroke,  
Dissever'd limbs in pieces broke ;  
Or worms (sure symptom of decay)  
E'en to the pith had work'd their way.*

*Alas ! at early morn I've seen,  
Innum'rous insects rove the green ;  
Now sporting blithe in air sublime ;  
Now skimming light o'er muddy slime ;  
On wings thrice steep'd in golden dyes,  
Or tinge cerulean of the skies ;  
Evolving swift as rays of light,  
They baffled oft the eagle's sight ;  
Whilst all the gems that ever shone  
On Persia's crown, or India's throne,*

United

United in one noontide blaze,  
Eclips'd meridian glory's rays ;  
*At eve I look'd*—with her faint sun,  
Their little toil of life was done ;  
The trout that swam along the pool,  
Had caught the easy faithless fool ;  
The swallow cowering from her nest,  
Of them prepar'd a sumptuous feast ;  
The spider spinning fate's fine thread,  
On careless playful myriads fed.

*Alas ! alas ! indeed I've seen,*  
A more affecting solemn scene ;  
'Twas man, in all the strength of pride,  
With health and beauty at his side ;  
His limbs were active, nervous, strong,  
He leap'd, he walk'd, he danc'd along ;  
His soul, his spirit, body, mind,  
Was bright, capacious, firm, refin'd ;  
*At eve I look'd*—behold him dead,  
The dust around his corpse was spread ;  
His life, his breath, his powers were gone,  
No more he hails the blushing dawn ;  
Hence are my tears, and hence my sighs,  
Whatever lives, as surely dies ;  
All that are born, and all that's made,  
Are shadowy shadows of a shade ;  
The son ! the sire ! the husband ! wife !  
• • • • •

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

O D E,

*Humbly inscribed to the illustrious PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA.*

BY A YOUTH.

**C**AN the muse add a laurel to Washington's brow,  
Or swell the loud notes of his fame !  
Can the poet's rude song bid Deities bow,  
While he dwells on the wonderful name !

The synod of Gods were assembled on high,  
And fill'd with their vaunting all heav'n ;  
Jove said that he built the earth, sea and sky,  
And spread the vast concave so even :

That he moulded from chaos the planets so bright,  
And roll'd thro' the air each great ball ;

That he fix'd in the center the sun to give light,  
To illumine creation's grand hall.

Mars hear'd with impatience, and when Jove had ceas'd,

In rage to the lofty throne sprang,  
Like whirlwinds from Atlas's caverns reel'd ;

The sky with his shouts of war rang.

He ceas'd ; and all heav'n was fill'd with rude strife,

Every God in the discord did join,  
Each bragg'd of the deeds which ennobled his life,

Till hush'd by a mandate divine.

Contend in vain tumult ye heroes no more,  
Said Jove—you must all yield to me,

See yon spot on the earth, Columbia's gay shore,  
And list to my sov'reign decree.

In those climes, a republick unrivall'd shall rise,

And Liberty there fix her throne,  
And guarded by all the great pow'rs of th' skies,

Blest Virtue shall call it her own.

I have form'd for its ruler of Olympick clay,  
A man like immortals in grace ;

His breast I've illumin'd with Wisdom's bright ray,  
And Justice shall beam from his face.

In the chambers of heav'n till then he shall live,  
And I'll call him my friend and my son,

Ye gods from your treasures some attributes give  
To complete my best work, WASHINGTON.

He ceas'd—All the deities thunder'd a shout,

While their plaudits of wonder spread round ;

Gay Bacchus grew modest, Alcides less stout,

And the clamours of Mars no more sound.

When Time shall his sway o'er us mortals have done,

And planets to ruin are hurl'd ;

When the waters of death shall extinguish the sun,

And chaos take place of the world ;

Shall Washington flourish, applauded on high,

His brow Merit's wreath shall adorn,  
Shall excel in his luster each star in the sky,  
And his fame be as fragrant as morn.

J. L.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

EMMA : Or, The Rose.

A PASTORAL ODE.

I.

**F**AIR Emma stay, nor walk the green,  
With gait divine, and heavenly mien ;  
But learn thy shepherd's song.

'Tis purest passion warms my soul,  
Bids humble raptures instant roll,  
And bursts my speechless tongue.

II.

When silent evening calm'd my mind,  
To contemplation much inclin'd,

Mid Dian's lovesick ray,  
I walk'd, till on a bank I stood,  
To hear the murmuring of a flood,  
In bubbling accents play.

III.

I saw a rose of beauteous hue,  
Blush through the fragrance of the dew,

And damask in a grove ;  
With winged speed I flew the dale,  
And met a full Arabian gale,

That fill'd the world with love.

IV.

IV.

With fond embrace I sought to hide,  
The soul of all the roseate tribe,  
Within my raptur'd heart;  
But soon, alas! I felt a thorn,  
(So centaurs guard the gates of morn)  
That shot a poison'd dart.

V.

All beauteous maid, angelick fair,  
Oh! save a soul from deep despair,  
And draw the thorn from love:  
'Tis thine to pour the sovereign balm,  
Bind up the wound, dissolve the charm,  
And ev'ry pang remove.

CORYDON.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

HORACE ODE XIII. BOOK I.

TRANSLATED.

WHEN Lydia praises Strephon's  
charms,

His rosy face and polish'd arms,  
My fervid colour feels a pain,  
And strives to swell with proud disdain.

My mind is rack'd, my colour flies;  
Slow trickling tears tuffe mine eyes;  
By stealth adown my cheeks they roll,  
And prove the flame that melts the soul.

I burn to see thy shoulder strain'd,  
Or form by drunken hand prophan'd;  
Oh how I rage, when furious youth  
Marks beauty's lip with eager tooth.

Say, will he constant prove, or kind,  
Whose barb'rous manners unrefin'd,  
Hurts the sweet mouth whence nectar flows,  
From the quintessence of the rose?

Thrice happy they, and more than bless'd!  
Of Hymen's silken chain possess'd;  
Whom no reproaches e'er disjoin,  
Till death dissolves the bond divine.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

EX TEMPORE STANZAS to  
SABINA,

The fair Authoress of "ALMIRA and ALONZO," published in the Magazine for June.

SABINA! Mistress of the moral tale,  
Whose natural pathos warms the heart  
More than those words which oft assail,  
In all the blandishments of art.

Permit a bard, to thee unknown,  
Truth's unaffected song to pay;  
He never kneel'd at flattery's throne,  
And scorns the adulating lay.

'Tis thine, fair maid, with Brookes' pen,  
To plead the injur'd female's cause;  
Detect vile tality in men,  
And guard from fell seduction's jaws.

Go on, protectress of the fair,  
Till vice abash'd shall hide its head;  
Nor lawless rakes triumphant dare,  
The net for innocence to spread.

Pale victims, snatch'd from worse than death,  
Foul infamy and loss of fame,  
Shall joyful bring th' immortal wreath,  
And virtue hail Sabina's name.

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS  
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

At a time when the poetical genius of *Joseph Green*, Esq. was in the prime of exertion, and his humorous essays had introduced him to the notice of the publick, a country farmer, who was bewailing the death of a faithful servant, had resolved such distinguished merit should not pass unnoticed; he therefore ordered a gravestone to be raised to his memory, and was recommended to Mr. Green for a poetical inscription. Having accoutred himself in all the apparatus of mourning, with a long weed in his hat, streaming like a man of war's pendant, he went to Mr. Green's store, and inquired if *Jo Green* the poet lived there? finding him alone, he was admitted to his presence and conversation, and with a solemn face he acquainted Mr. Green with the design of his visit, who asked him the name and qualifications of this person, and for what he esteemed him most remarkable. After drying his tears, and suppressing his sobs and sighs, he replied, that this fellow was an excellent servant, he loved him like his own soul, he was a *choise* hay raker, none could *rake* hay better nor *faster*, except himself, for you know, *squire*, it is always good manners to except ourselves; his name was John Cole, and lived with me many years. Mr. Green having thus received every information necessary for the ground work, took his pen and wrote the following

EPI T A P H.

HERE lies the body of *John Cole*!  
His Master lov'd him like his soul:  
He could *rake* hay, none could *rake* faster,  
Except that *raking* dog, his Master.

[A Poem sometimes since published in London, entitled, *Lewesdon Hill*, written by the Rev. W. Crowe, of New College, Oxford, contains the following elegant compliment to the illustrious Generalissimo of the late American army, who is ranked with the few heroes who have proved blessings to mankind; and who, by the special favour of Heaven, are allowed to pause and rest after a "march of glory!"]

NOR such  
In causeless war, troubling the world  
By their mad quarrels, and in fields of blood  
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd, and call'd  
on earth  
Kings, heroes, demi gods; but in high  
heaven  
Thieves, ruffians, murderers; these find no  
repose.  
THEY rather, Patriot conquerour! To thee  
Belongs



Belongs such rest ; who in the western world,  
Thine own deliver'd country for thyself  
Hast planted an immortal grove, and there  
Upon the glorious mount of liberty  
Reposing, sit'st beneath the balmy shade."

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

EXTRACTS from the ZENITH of  
GLORY ; a MANUSCRIPT ODE.

Arrival of Gage—Battle at Lexington, &c.

**S**TUNG to the quick—in robes of flame,  
And pomp of war, Britannia came—  
She blaz'd across the flood ;  
Aloud her vengeful cannon roar'd ;  
Wrath whetted keen the two edged sword,  
And foam'd for human blood.

Patient of wrong—tho' injured—calm,  
Trimontaine stretch'd the friendly palm,  
To bafe perfidious Gage :

His brow the wreath of insult bore,  
Contempt and scorn his aspect wore,  
Commix'd with pride and rage.

His Pdnick word was never given,  
Unless to mock at earth or heaven :  
A ray his soul prefer'd,  
From some poor noble's borrow'd beam,  
Or smiles denoting court esteem,  
To virtue's pure regard.

Madly he wing'd the royal train,  
From Boston's camp—to Concord's plain:  
The rustick's vocal horn  
Strong as the clarion's shrill alarms,  
The jealous peasant call'd to arms,  
And carnage rul'd the morn.

At Lexington the fight began,  
The swelling breast of freeborn man,  
Was bar'd to every wound :  
Indignant bosoms furious glow'd,  
The covert wall—the open road,  
Fell slaughter pour'd around.

Pale consternation seiz'd on all,  
They saw their fathers—brothers fall—  
Their children join the dead :  
And tyrant powers vindictive storm,  
Now gathering round great Hancock's form  
Or threat'ning Adams' head.

Touch'd with the patriots destin'd fate,  
Each private sorrow's trifling weight,  
In freedom's scale was lost :  
The pulse of honour strongly beat,  
With gratitude's impassion'd heat,  
And curb'd th' advancing host.

On front and rear the country hung ;  
From flank to flank loud volleys rung :  
And deaths destroying gale  
From mount to plain triumphant blew,  
War's sweeping tempest rapid flew ;  
And corpses pil'd the vale.

Borne down by liberty's strong hand,  
Earl Percy wheel'd the fainting band ;  
His columns fought repose :  
Not such their fate in former days,  
When Marlbro' crown'd with vict'ry's rays,  
Defeated Anna's foes.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.  
ACROSTICK.

**G**REAT in the martial field, in council  
wife ;  
Each virtue guides thee in thy pleasing way,  
On wings triumphant, how thy glories rise !  
Refulgent as th' unclouded God of day !  
George on his sea girt throne beholds his sun ;  
Eclips'd forever by a WASHINGTON !

When war's tumult'ous bloody front a-  
larm'd ;  
And civil discord ev'ry torch had fir'd ;  
Serenely brave, the tyrants thou disarm'd,  
Hence, at thy frown, Britannia's host retir'd.  
In peace ; reverting to thy Vernon's stream ;  
No views ambitious, pointed thee to thrones ;  
GENIUS OF FREEDOM, Thou art hail'd  
supreme,  
The chosen guardian of Columbia's sons.  
On brass and marble shall thy deeds remain ;  
No time's corroding breath can blight thy  
fame.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.  
A REBUS.

**T**HE beauteous pride of Greece, but woe  
of Troy ;  
The spicy land, that breathes ambrosial joy ;  
The damask offspring of the flowery May,  
And Ceylon's gem, that mocks the rising  
day ;  
The sacred mount, where Venus gain'd her  
prize, [rise :  
And that fam'd point, whence suns begins to  
From Venus sprung, and all imperial Jove ;  
The muse, Comedian, of th' Italian grove.

The fair confusion of the modest face ;  
Th' ensigns of royalty and princely grace ;  
The blushing herald of the coming morn,  
And heaven's fair goddess of the silver  
horn : [tongue ;  
The female grace, that prompts the envious  
And that fam'd muse, of astronomick song ;  
The spark divine, that lights the human  
breast ; [dress.  
And lifes fair morn, in gayest splendours  
Of these bright charms, the muse's favourite  
theme,  
The initials join, and learn the fair one's  
name. CORYDON.

CHANSON.

**D**'UNE maniere imparfait,  
Je vous dirai mon ardeur ;  
Quand la bouche est l'interprete  
On explique mal son cœur.

Mais quoi, que je ne puis dire  
Ce que j'ai si bien appris,  
Dans mes yeux vous pouvez lire  
Ce que les vôtres ont écrits.

Si vous pouvez bien comprendre  
Tout ce que je sens pour vous ;  
L'amour n'a rien si tendre  
L'amitie n'a rien si doux.

Loin de vous, mon cœur soupire  
Près de vous suis interdit  
Voilà tout que je puis dire  
Et peut être j'ai trop dit.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

# MARLBOROUGH'S GHOST.

Extracted from a late British Publication.

Set to MUSICK by E. MANN, of WORCESTER.

Awful He - ro, Marl'ro', rise ! Sleepy

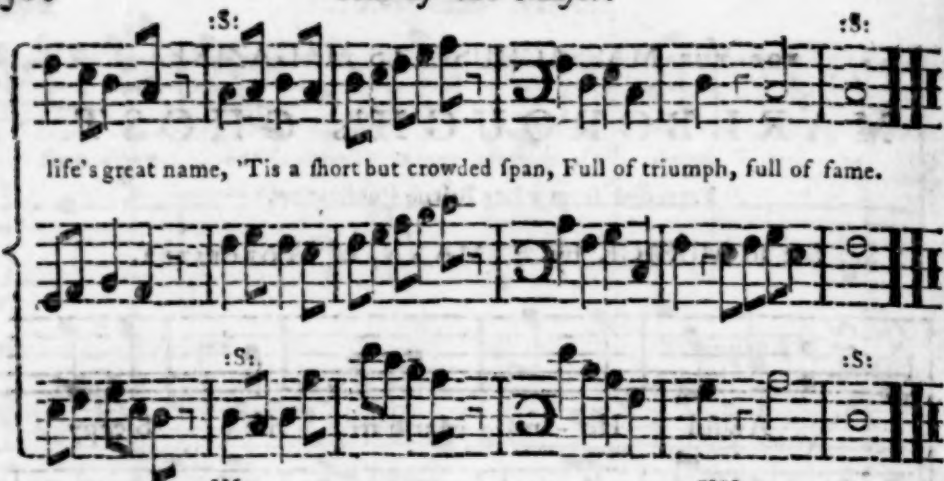
The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'Awful He - ro, Marl'ro', rise ! Sleepy' are written below the top staff.

charms I come to break ; Hith - er turn thy languid eyes,

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'charms I come to break ; Hith - er turn thy languid eyes,' are written below the top staff.

Lo, thy genius calls, awake ! Well survey this faithful plan, Which records thy

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'Lo, thy genius calls, awake ! Well survey this faithful plan, Which records thy' are written below the top staff.



III.  
One by one thy deeds review,  
Sieges, battles, thick appear,  
Former wonders, lost in new,  
Greatly fill each rising year.

IV.  
This is Blenheim's crimson field,  
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd,  
Here retiring squadrons yield,  
And a bloodless wreath is gain'd.

V.  
Ponder in thy godlike mind,  
All the wonders thou hast wrought,  
Tyrants from their pride declin'd,  
Be the subject of thy thought.

VI.  
Rest thee here, while life may last,  
Th' utmost bliss to man allow'd  
Is to trace his actions past,  
And to find them great and good.

VII.  
But 'tis gone! oh mortal born,  
Swift the fading scene remove,  
Let them pass with noble scorn,  
Thine are worlds which roll above.

VIII.  
Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,  
Pleas'd thy ripe approach foresee,  
Men who acted wondrous things,  
Though they yield in fame to thee.

IX.  
Foremost in the patriot band,  
Shining with distinguish'd day,  
See thy friend Godolphin stand,  
See he beckons thee away.

X.  
Yonder seats and fields of light,  
Let thy ravish'd thoughts explore,  
Wishing, panting for thy fight,  
Half an angel, man no more.

# FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

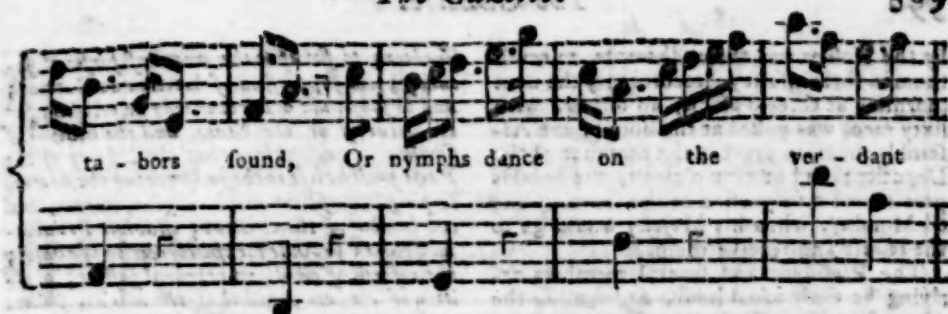
## The PENSIVE SHEPHERD.

Written by J. LATHROP.—Set to MUSIC by Mr. S. HOLYOKE.

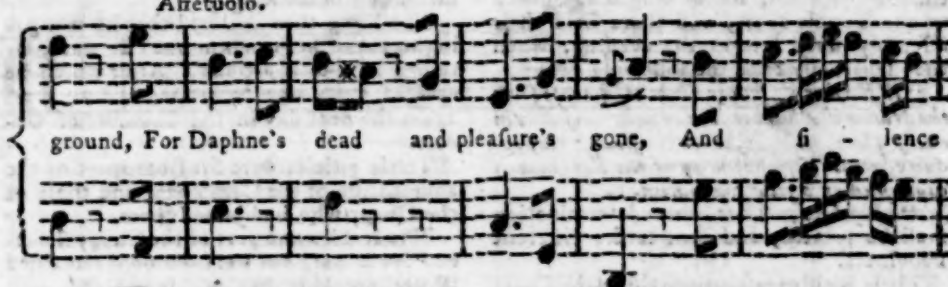
Moderato.







Affectuoso.



II.

I saw the fair in bloom of youth,  
As gay as love, as pure as truth;  
No affectation swell'd her breast,  
For there did mildest virtues rest.  
*But Daphne's dead, &c.*

III.

Beneath yon shade I sit and weep,  
Where other mortals quiet sleep;  
No more I'll dance, nor play, nor sing,  
Nor hail the blithe return of spring.  
*For Daphne's dead, &c.*

## The GAZETTE.

### Foreign Occurrences.

THE complexion of politicks in France hath long indicated a change in its government; and by the latest accounts from Europe, a very great and important revolution has been brought about in that kingdom. The limits of our work is inadequate to a particular account; the following is a hasty sketch of the most important transactions attending it.

Sometime since the King summoned a meeting of the three Orders or Estates of France, consisting of the Nobility, Clergy, and Commons, or representatives of the people. The deputies of these three orders being assembled at Versailles, met on the 4th of May last, in the Parish Church of Notre Dame---the whole number amounted to

1208. The utmost brilliancy was displayed on this occasion. Owing to some disagreement between the three estates, the publick business did not get forward in the manner the commons wished, which induced them to proceed without the assistance of the Nobility and Clergy. On Friday the 19th of June, they voted the provisional grant of the taxes until the end of the sessions; the consolidation of the national debt; a loan for the immediate payment of the arrears due from government; and a considerable sum of money to be forthwith sent into the Provinces for the relief of the poor.

These proceedings being considered as illegal (the commons forming only a part of the States General) measures were taken  
by

by the Nobles and their adherents, to crush them in their infancy; accordingly the next morning at three o'clock, an officer, with sixty men, was posted at the door of the Assembly room, to prevent the entrance of the Deputies; and at nine o'clock, the heralds proclaimed a suspension of the meeting until Monday, when his Majesty would go to the House and receive them.

The President and several members arriving at their usual hour, and finding the doors shut against them, remained some time in the street, but at length adjourned to the Tennis court, and there held their assembly until late in the evening, when they separately took the following oath:

*"We solemnly swear never to separate from the National Assembly, but to unite ourselves in every place, wherever circumstances may require, until the Constitution of the Kingdom is established on a solid foundation."*

*"Resolved, That this determination shall be printed, and sent to the different Provinces."*

These decisive resolutions threw the Court into the greatest alarm. A majority of the Clergy voted their union with the Commons on the 22d; the Nobility presented a violent address against the proceedings of the National Assembly, to the King, who in his answer evidently adopted their sentiments. The Queen, the Count d'Artois, the Polignacs, &c. got entire possession of the King, at Marli; it was at a Council held there, at which Monsieur and the Count d'Artois assisted, that violent measures were concerted. The King was encouraged to come forward and crush the whole business by a bold stroke of authority. M. Necker was to be exiled from France; the Prince de Conde named Generalissimo; the Prince de Conti, Minister, &c.

The Royal Session was postponed until Tuesday, when his Majesty appeared, and the business commenced by a marked insult to the Commons, who were kept waiting in a nasty, unwholesome place, until the other Orders were seated, and at length were compelled to enter by a back door.

After the Keeper of the Seals had informed the President of the Commons that his Majesty would not hear the discourse which he intended to address to him; the King opened the Assembly by a speech, which he delivered with great emphasis and propriety.

The Keeper of the Seals then read a declaration from the King, containing 35 articles.

*"These articles annul the arrears of the Third Estate, insist on the preservation of Orders; declare that the deliberations relative to general affairs and taxes, shall be in common between the Orders; and those relative to the Constitution in separate Orders; abolish the poll tax; and free siefs as soon as the revenues of the States shall equal the expenses; empower the States to fix to what offices Nobility is to be attached. The King, however, to ennoble any one whom he pleases as a recompense for*

*services; to fix upon the means of personal security; the suppression of Lettres de Cachet; and to substitute whatever may be necessary for the security of the State, and the honour of families; and declare that the Liberty of the Press shall be left to the judgment of the States, keeping it consistent with religion, morals, and the honour of the citizens; establish Provincial States; provide for the correction of abuses; the reform of civil and criminal justice; abolition of corvees; and that the armies, police, and power over the military, shall be reserved exclusively in the King."*

The King then declared that he was going to make his will known. It was contained in fifteen articles. After which he ordered every one to retire, and to meet again the next day in the Chamber of Orders.

These articles were far from meeting the approbation of the Commons, and those of the Clergy who had joined them.

The Nobles and part of the Clergy shouted *Vive le Roi*; but the Commons remained in profound silence; nor would they quit the hall, where, together with about fifty of the Clergy who would not separate from them, they instantly proceeded to discuss the Royal Proceedings. Four times the King sent an officer to order them on their allegiance to break up their meeting; four times did they decidedly deny the authority of the King to demand them to separate, and by their firmness carried their point.

M. Le Camus, one of the Paris Deputies, then moved, *"That the National Assembly do persist in all its preceding Resolutions;"* those of the Clergy who remained, nobly desiring their presence to be specified. This proposition was unanimously adopted, nor would they hear a motion of adjournment all next day.

Another motion followed from the Count de Mirabeau, to the following effect, and nearly in these words: *"The National Assembly feeling the necessity of securing the personal liberty, the freedom of opinion, and the right of each Deputy of the States General, to inquire into and censure all sorts of abuses and obstacles to the public welfare and liberty, do Resolve, That the person of each Deputy is inviolable; that any individual, public or private, of what quality soever, any corporate body of men, any tribunal, court of justice, or commission whatsoever, who should dare, during the present session, to prosecute, or cause to be prosecuted, arrest, or cause to be arrested, detain, or cause to be detained, the person of one or more Deputies, for any proposition, advice, opinion, or speech made by them in the States General, or in any of its Assemblies or Committees, shall be deemed infamous and a Traitor to his country, and that in any such case or cases, the National Assembly will pursue every possible means and measures to bring the authors, instigators, or executors of such arbitrary proceedings, to condign punishment."* This resolution was carried, 483 against 34.

Every thing was now in the most violent fermentation, both in Paris and Versailles.

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The Duke of Orleans, at the head of more than forty of the principal Nobles, and two hundred of the Clergy, joined the Third Estate, subscribed the oath they had previously taken; and gave their unanimous assent to the several resolutions which they had come to.

The whole inhabitants of Versailles, together with thousands from Paris, paraded the streets of that town with torches the whole of Tuesday night.

Matters continued in the greatest ferment for several days, the Commons adhering to their spirited resolutions.

On the 10th of July, the King, by the advice of the Count d'Artois, Prince Conde, Prince Conti, and other Nobility, came to a resolution to put an end by force to the proceedings of the People, both in and out of the States General. To effect this, he immediately dismissed M. Necker, who went to Geneva, and all his Ministers; and ordered a very large body of forces into Paris and Versailles, from the country.

On Monday (July 12th) the States General took into consideration the then state of the nation, and with great firmness resolved to appoint a Deputation, to represent to the King the state of the city of Paris, and to request him to withdraw the extraordinary troops--and another Deputation to the People of Paris, "to place themselves between them and the soldiers." To the first deputation the King replied with great firmness, and refused to comply with their request. The States General immediately passed several bold Declarations, declaring they spoke the sentiments of the nation, That M. NECKER, and the other Ministers dismissed, carried with them their esteem and respect--that they "insist" on the removal of the troops, and the establishment of a guard of citizens--demand to speak to the King in person--make the present Ministers responsible for all the horrors which threatened the nation--and that no person has a right to pronounce the infamous name of Bankrupt in the nation. These Declarations struck a fatal stroke at the 'Tyrants', or King's advisers, as their only hope remained in declaring a national bankruptcy and commencing a foreign war.

The citizens of Paris, the 12th, met at the Hotel de Ville, and resolved to form the 'Paris Militia'---the number they agreed should be 48,000, to wear blue and red cockades, to form sixteen legions, and to be otherwise organized. The Marquis DE LA FAYETTE was unanimously chosen commandant-general, and Viscount de NOAILLES, second in command. [Both these officers served in the United States during the late war.] To this body the greater part of the King's troops joined themselves, and the rest absolutely refused to fire on the people.

On Tuesday morning, the armed citizens went to the Bastille, where they supposed that some of the Ministry who were their friends, were confined, and demanded it to be given up. The Governour, M. de Launay, refused to give it up, and some of

the citizens advancing between the draw-bridges, were almost all killed by grape shot from the guns of the Bastille. The rest, enraged at the slaughter of their associates, invested the place, and scaling the walls in immense numbers, notwithstanding the fire of the artillery, took the Governour, Lt. Gov. and Major, prisoners---condemned them by a summary trial---and instantly conveyed them to the Place de Greve, where they were all beheaded.

M. de Fleiscelles, the Prevot des Marchandes, or Lord Mayor of Paris, for his duplicity, was the same day killed by a butt-end of a musket---and his head severed from his body. Several of the Police were dragged through the streets, and thrown into the river. The BASTILLE being cleared was blown up. During the day, the *Gardes Frantoises* joined the citizens, with their cannon, &c.---On this event the King wrote a very mild letter to the Marquis de la Fayette, in which he permits the troops either to stay with the Militia, or return. This letter recognizes the Marquis's command.

The spirited proceedings of the States General and the Parisians, had their effect. The Ministers and advisers of the King trembled in the Palace, and on

WEDNESDAY, the 15th,

THE KING went to the States General, with one attendant, and in a speech from the throne, submitted his life and crown to the disposal of his people, to whose Representatives he surrendered his Royal power, to be new modelled, as shall seem most advantageous to the nation. The speech was received with the loudest acclamations, and an account of it immediately sent to Paris, where it was considered as highly satisfactory, and *Vive le Roy* rent the air. The King immediately sent a letter of recall to M. NECKER, at Geneva.

Twenty eight of the Nobles who had advised his Majesty, were declared infamous, and a price set on their heads---500,000 livres on that of Count d'Artois, who with M. Breteuil, Princes Conti, Conde, &c. retired to Brussels.

On Thursday the 16th, a grand *Te Deum* was sung at Notre Dame, on the happy deliverance of the nation from despotism, and at night all the troops marched off.

On Friday the 17th, his Majesty came to Paris to meet his subjects. To receive him 150,000 armed citizens lined the way from the Barrier at Passy, to the Hotel de Ville. The militia were appointed to escort his Majesty, and were headed by their gallant commander, the patriotick Marquis DE LA FAYETTE. At two o'clock, the Procession entered Paris; the Marquis preceded the Royal coach, surrounded by respectable citizens. The King was accompanied by Count d'ESTAING, and several other Noblemen. When arrived at the City Hall, he made a short speech, which was received with great shouts.



On Wednesday the 22d the King went to the Assembly of the States General at Versailles, accompanied only by **MONSIEUR** and the **COUNT D'ARTOIS**, and addressed the States in a speech, in which his Majesty exhorted them to provide the means of restoring order and tranquillity, and to assist him in securing the welfare of the State; and his Majesty acquainted them that, relying on the affection and fidelity of his subjects, he had ordered the troops to retire to a certain distance from Paris and Versailles.

This speech was received with universal applause, and his Majesty returned to his apartments, attended by all the Deputies of the nation, amidst the acclamations of an innumerable concourse of people.

The army, in pursuance of the King's orders, retired to Serve early on Wednesday morning, leaving their camp equipage behind them.

On Wednesday the citizens of Paris sent a deputation to the King, humbly hoping his presence in the capital the next day; assuring him he should be guarded by 20,000 of his faithful subjects.

On the 29th, **M. NECKER** arrived from Geneva, and was welcomed by the loud plaudits of millions and appeared next day in the States General.

It is said, that during the above disturbances, not more than 30 people lost their lives on the part of the people.

**Mr. Necker** had resumed his station at the head of the finances; an act of general amnesty and pardon had been published; the States General were employed in forming a new Constitution for the monarchy, and every thing was peaceable when the last accounts came away.

#### INHUMAN MASSACRE.

*Extracts from the minutes of the States General, July 23, 1789.*

**M. PUNELLE**, one of the Deputies of *Franche Comte*, desired the attention of the members, whilst he recited to them a frightful event which had happened at the *Chateau de Quinsay* near *Vezoul*, in the night of the 19th and 20th instant.

"**Mr. President**, I could wish to conceal from the knowledge of the Representatives of the Nation, from Frenchmen, from the whole world, the dreadful portrait of the bloody catastrophe that has taken place at the *Castle of Quinsay*: I lose myself—I thunder with horror. I have to relate to you a crime engendered in blackness itself, in the breast of a demon; but to inform you of the particulars, it will be proper to read you the information taken by the *Marechaussee* on the spot.

"**We, &c. Brigadier of the Marechaussee, &c. &c.** certify and swear, That we repaired to *Quinsay*, near *Vezoul*, where we found a dying man, attended by the Curate of the parish, who informed us, that **M. de MEMMAY**, the Lord of *Quinsay*, had announced to the inhabitants and troops in

garrison at *Vezoul*, that on account of the happy event (the Revolution at Paris) in which all the Nation took a part he (the Monster!) intended to give an entertainment to all who chose to repair to his country seat; which was eagerly accepted; but that **M. de Memmay** withdrew from the entertainment, alledging that his presence might check the gaiety of his guests; besides, that he could not decently appear himself, as he had hitherto been one of the protesting Nobles, and a parliamentary partizan against the popular cause. That an immense croud of citizens and soldiers being assembled, they were desired to adjourn to a spot at some distance from the house, where they amused themselves in festivity and dancing; but that on a sudden, fire being set to a match, which communicated with a Powder Mine, formed under the spot where the people were taken up with festivity, THE WHOLE WERE BLOWN UP!!! That, on the noise of the explosion, the Curate, with others, repaired to the Chateau, whither we likewise went, and found numbers floating in their blood, scattered corpses, and disfigured members, still palpitating with life, &c. &c."

"This information is signed by the Brigadier, and authenticated by the Lieutenant General.

"This barbarity, Sir, exercised against every right and law, both human and divine; this cold, cruel, and detestable act of barbarity, contrived by hypocrisy, and perpetrated with diabolical vengeance, has thrown the whole country into combustion, Every man flew to arms—the Castle is razed to the ground—all the neighbouring Castles are destroyed; the people, who know no restraint when they think men have merited their fury, had recourse to, and still continue, the most violent excesses. They have burnt and sacked the Record Offices of the Nobles; have compelled them to renounce all their privileges; have destroyed and demolished many Castles, and burnt a rich Abbey of the Order of *Citeaux* (the famous rich Abbey so often the object of *Voltaire's* animadversion). The young Princes of **BEAUFREMONT**, and the Baroness of **ANDELON**, owed their escape to a sort of miracle.

"The Municipal Body of *Vezoul*, presided by the *Marquis de JOMBERT*, have taken every step in their power to stay the fatal effects of such a fermentation; but the means are insufficient, in a Province like ours, where each little village can furnish at least eight or ten men who have served in the army, and consequently know the use of arms. I intreat the Assembly, therefore, to take into consideration the melancholy situation of the distracted country I have the honour to represent, and to consult on the speediest and most efficacious means of remedying this dreadful evil."

He then went on to propose such measures as might tend to allay the fury of the people; and added—"A monster of this nature will

will not, I trust find an asylum in any country; nor is there a doubt that every power, and every form of government will make an exception, if necessary, in this dreadful instance, and readily consent to give him up on the very first demand. He should expiate,

by a punishment invented for him alone, the horrid crime with which he has dishonoured human nature. But I am unable to dwell on his atrocity; the idea alone absorbs all my faculties; extinguishes all reflection; I am incapable of proceeding."

## Domestic Occurrences.

### BOSTON, SEPTEMBER.

AT the August term of the Supreme Judicial Court, held in this town, sentence of Death was pronounced against William Dennofee, William Smith, and Rachael Wall, who were severally convicted of Highway Robbery. Several others, of both sexes, for theft, shoplifting, &c. were sentenced to be whipped, gallowed, confined to hard labour, &c. &c.

The 8th of October is the day appointed by the Supreme Executive for the execution of William Dennofee, William Smith, and Rachel Wall.

On Monday the 21st inst. the ship *Massachusetts* was launched at Germantown, in the view of a great concourse of spectators.

The President of the United States has been pleased to nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint *Alexander Hamilton*, Esq; of New-York, Secretary of the Treasury; *Nicholas Eveleigh*, Esq; of South Carolina, Comptroller of the Treasury; Gen. *Henry Knox*, Secretary at War; *Oliver Wolcott*, jun. Esq; Auditor of the Treasury; *Joseph Norise*, Esq; Register of the Treasury; and *Samuel Meredith*, Esq; of Philadelphia, Treasurer of the United States.

*Extract of a letter from a gentleman at New-York, to his friend in Philadelphia.*

"Our American Pliny, Dr. Mitchell, has discovered that anchovies are abundant along the sea coast of New-York; he has pickled some bottles of them, and finds them as good as those which are brought from the Streights; our tables may hereafter be supplied with this article of diet from our own waters, and preclude the need of importation; thus it appears, that this country is found to be more and more abundant in good things, as discovering eyes are directed to spy them out."

*Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Scotland, to his friend in Petersburg, dated Saltcoat, April 20, 1789.*

"A woman lately died in Dalry, who had been with child upwards of 34 years. She was opened and a male child were taken from her, in all its shapes. She was upwards of 60 years old when she died. However strange and improbable this relation may seem, you may affirm it for a real fact, as it can be sufficiently proved by creditable persons who knew her many years, and by a midwife who attended her about 34 years ago, when she was first taken in labour."

### Marriages.

MASSACHUSETTS.—In Boston, Mrs. John Lopus, of Charlestown, to Miss Hannah Tuckerman, of this town; Mr. Luke Baldwin, of Brookfield, to Miss Polly Avery, daughter of John Avery, jun. Esq. Mr. Frederick Gilbert to Miss Maria Doyle, daughter to the Rev. William Doyle; Crowell Hatch, Esq; to Miss Hannah Boit. At Braintree, Mr. Edward Curtiss, to Miss Hannah Wile.—At Cambridge, Rev. John Andrews, of Newburyport, to Miss Peggy Wiggleworth, daughter of Dr. Edward Wiggleworth.—At Barnstable, Hon. Timothy Smith, Esq; of Falmouth, to Mrs. Bacon; Mr. Benjamin Gorham, to Miss Deborah Crocker.—At Fairfield, in Mr. Burr's house, Mr. Barnabas Hedge, jun. of Plymouth, to Miss Eunice D. Burr; Mr. William Henry Capers, of South Carolina, to Miss Abigail Burr; Mr. Gershem Burr, to Miss Sukey Young.—At Portland, Capt. Richard Codman, to Miss Statira Preble.—At Hingham, Mr. William Vinal, jun. of Scituate, to Miss Polly Lincoln, of Hingham.—At Gloucester, Capt. Fitzwilliam Sargent, to Miss Nancy Parsons.—At Andover, Mr. Peter Farnum, to Miss Chloe Wilson.

CONNECTICUT.—At Newhaven, Mr. Peter de Witt, to Miss Lucretia Benjamin.

RHODEISLAND.—At Providence, Mr. Nathaniel Church, of Littlecompton, to Miss Polly Thayer.

VIRGINIA.—Mr. Edward Wade, to Miss Elizabeth Thornton, whose courtship began 57 years since.

### FOREIGN MARRIAGES.

In England, Mr Nath. Cambridge, aged 75, to Miss Wheeler, aged 23; Capt. Thomas Powell, to Miss C. Williams, a young lady of 10,000l. fortune.

### Deaths.

MASSACHUSETTS.—In Boston, Miss Abigail Homer, aged 74; Mrs. Mary Dixon, Schoolmistress, aged 101; Mrs. Agnes Bradlee, aged 53; Mr. Thomas Sunderland, Secretary of African Lodge, No. 1; Mrs. Abigail Leavitt, aged 34; Mrs. Sarah Williams, aged 81; Mrs. Elizabeth Kneeland, aged 58; Mr. Thomas Gardner, Rope-maker; Mr. Jacob Wendell; Mrs. Dorcas Porter; Captain Zachaeus Dunsell.—At Braintree, Deacon Jonathan Webb, aged 92.—At Medford, Mr. Ezekiel Hall, aged 48.—At Sandwich, Mr. Nathaniel Fish, kn. aged 77; Mrs. Patty

Patty Tobey, consort of Capt. Lemuel Tobey.—At Waltham, Mrs. Abigail Williams, relict of the Rev. Mr. Williams, aged 86; Lieut. Elisha Stearns, aged 33.—At Kittery, Mr. Charles Chauncy, eldest son of the Hon. Charles Chauncy.—At Barnstable, Mr. Cornelius Crocker, aged 49.—At Lynnfield, Mrs. Elizabeth Metey, aged 32.—At Danvers, Mr. Dunkley.—At Beverly, suddenly, Mrs. Louis Barrett.—At Salem, Mrs. Hannah Mansfield.—At Brookfield, William Ayres, Esquire, aged 89.—At Westminster, Mr. Samuel Dyke.—At Newburyport, aged 30, Mrs. Rand.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Mary Bowen, aged 77; Mrs. Hawley; Mrs. Chapman; Capt. Samuel Pete, aged 57.—At Springfield, Miss Cynthia Bliss, aged 18.—In Worcester, Mr. Jonathan Flagg.—At Lancaster, Mrs. Rebecca Wilder, aged 80.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—At Portsmouth, Mrs. Shapeley, aged 89; Mr. Ezekiel Gummer, aged 82.

RHODE ISLAND.—At Providence, Mr. Crawford Jenckes; Mrs. Abigail Cushing, aged 68; Capt. Joseph Tillinghast, aged 62; Mr. Wm. Corlis, aged 38; Mercall Bowler, Esq; Mrs. Charlotte Allen, aged 28; Miss Betsey Allen.—At South Kingstown, Mr. Joseph Perkins.—At Newport, Mrs. Rachael Lopez, consort of Mr. David Lopez, merchant; Josiah Arnold, Esquire,

aged 83.—At Bristol, Joseph Reynolds, Esq; aged 70.

CONNECTICUT.—At Middletown, Mr. Seth Doolittle, aged 45.—At Norwich, Mr. William Hubbard, jun. aged 21, son of Mr. William Hubbard of Boston.

NEW YORK.—At New York, Robert J. Livingston, Esq; Major Job Sumner, of Massachusetts.

MARYLAND.—At the house of John Smoot, Esq; Dorchester county, Capt Joseph Cunningham, late of Boston.

VIRGINIA.—At Fredericksburg, Mrs. Washington, mother of the President of the United States.

#### FOREIGN DEATHS.

At Hull, England, Miss S. Gray, daughter of Lewis Gray, Esq; late of Boston.—In England, in a miserable garret, in an advanced age, Capt. Barber, of one of his Britannick Majesty's regiments. He had been for many years on half pay, and lived in a very close and retired way. He was remarkable for being always followed by a Newfoundland dog, to which he was particularly attached. He has left a legacy of 4000*l.* to the Foundling Hospital, to the increase of whose youthful inhabitants he is supposed to have been a great contributor, and has therefore taken this method of making retribution. He had a sister to whom he has bequeathed 10*l.* a year.

### METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, for AUGUST, 1789.

D.	Barometer.			Thermometer.			Wind.	Weather.
	7 A.M.	11 P.M.	9 P.M.	7 A.M.	11 P.M.	9 P.M.		
1	29 72	29 72	29 74	64	68	65	N.	Cloudy.
D	77	80	83	66	5 68	63	SE. E.	Rain Clou. Rain.
3	89	91	86	61	5 63	5 62	N. NE.	Cloudy. Rain.
4	81	81	80	61	5 71	63	N. E.	Cloudy.
5	74	80	83	70	83	5 67	W. S.	Fog. Fa. R. Lt. E.
6	81	83	85	72	5 85	73	SW.	Fair.
7	91	93	91	73	88	74	SW.	Fair.
8	92	92	86	73	88	74	SW.	Fair.
D	86	83	77	77	90	77	SW.	Clou. Fa. Light.
10	77	77	72	75	93	78	SW.	Fair.
11	72	69	66	75	95	77	SW.	Fair.
12	64	67	62	76	92	77	W. SW.	Fair, Cloudy.
13	65	68	70	75	85	73	NW. E. NW.	Fair.
14	81	81	73	69	5 73	67	N. E. SE.	Cl. F. thun. show.
15	68	68	65	71	76	67	E.	Cloudy, Rain.
D	62	53	39	68	73	75	E. S.	Cl. F. thun. show.
17	45	53	69	65	5 75	61	NW.	Fair.
18	80	84	93	57	77	61	NW. E.	Fair. Au. Bo.
19	30 02	30 03	30 01	65	5 72	5 66	SE.	Cloudy.
20	02	03	03	62	79	64	S. W.	Fair.
21	13	17	17	54	70	55	NW. E.	Fair.
22	19	19	16	54	5 73	54	S. E.	Fair.
D	16	15	12	53	71	56	E.	Foggy, Fair.
24	08	04	00	52	70	59	E.	Fog. Fair. A. Bo.
25	29 92	29 88	29 81	54	71	67	W. E.	Fog. Fair, Rain.
26	78	78	76	68	74	5 69	E.	Clou. Rain, Fair.
27	74	69	64	72	84	75	SW. S.	Rain, Fair, Rain.
28	70	72	70	70	80	67	W.	Fair.
29	63	52	45	65	5 61	60	NE. N. NW.	Cloudy, Rain.
D	46	46	65	61	77	51	W. NW.	Fair.
31	73	73	78	45	62	49	NW.	Fair.